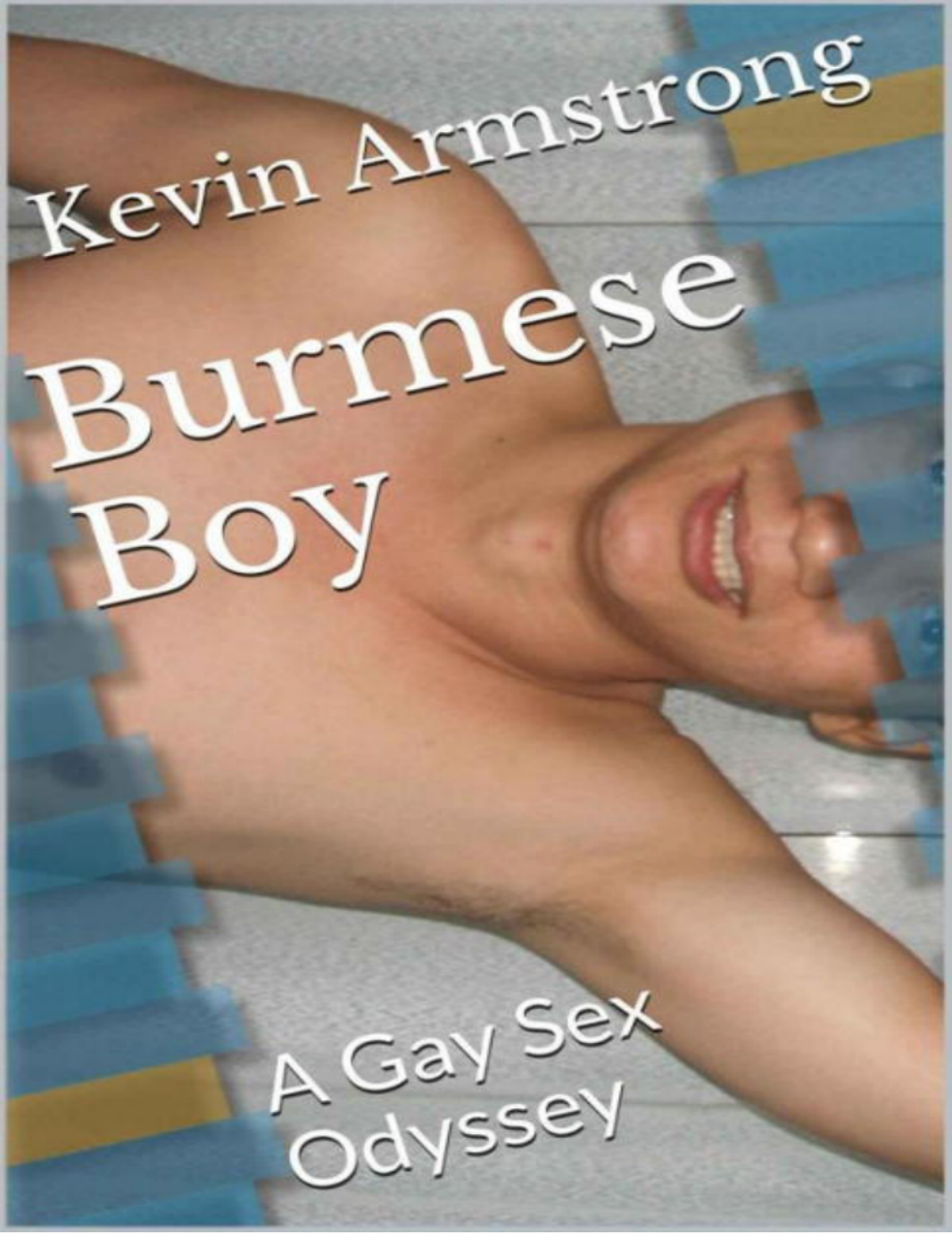
Kevin Armstrong
Burmese Boy
A Gay Sex Odyssey

SHOUT
SHARE
IT

Annotation

Join writer, raconteur and chronic traveler Kevin Armstrong as he journeys through time and space on his gay sex odyssey. As Kevin explores gay saunas and other haunts throughout Asia and the Land Down Under he shares his outrageous experiences (he cheerfully admits to being something of a sex addict) of m/m sex, circle wanking, cock sucking and docking and inter-racial sex. His journey will appeal to mature gay men, younger gay guys just starting out, bi guys and even "curious" straight men and women.

During his epic gay sex odyssey Kevin Armstrong re-lives his youth and his sexual awakening. He recalls his discovery of wanking and the joys of sharing, the gayest Boy Scout troop on the planet, his "first time" and his adventures with Helmut the Helmet amongst others.

However during his odyssey we realize that there are certain threats to Kevin's free and easy life-style. Sluttish, irresponsible, life-style some would say. In a remote country town in Australia where he has gone to direct the musical "Cabaret" he falls in love with a just-turned-legal cub reporter. Although the boy is a one man cock-sucking welcoming committee to sailors arriving from the four corners of the world, he insists that he is not gay.

EXTRACT:

> As the twilight turned lilac we lay in each other's arms.
>
> "I'm not really gay you know Kev."
>
> "Really? You could've fooled me."
>
> "Yeah… I've got my eye on this chick… Judy, works in Coles."
>
> "Well, after this afternoon, at a rough guess, I could be forgiven for thinking this is not the first time you've sucked cock."
>
> "Nah, I have to admit I love having dick in my mouth." He laughed. "It's my little secret."
>
> "But if you don't mind me asking, where do you find cock in a place like this?"
>
> "The ships."
>
> "What?"
>
> "I go down the port. We get ships from all over the world. With those sailors spending weeks at sea I get all the cock I want. I guess I'm like a one man cock-sucking welcoming committee."
>
> "My God, they should give you an award!"

On his odyssey our intrepid traveler provides plenty of advice on living a gay life such as:

• Keeping safe in gay venues.

• What to do if you are hassled.

• Proven techniques for cock docking and can circumcised guys participate?

• Secret, unwritten codes used in the gay sauna.

• Cut or uncut? The pros and cons.

Although he is a self-confessed gay slut our Kevin wonders if he has finally met his match when in Kuala Lumpur he comes up against Adrian, a beautiful Burmese boy. As his relationship with Adrian develops through many sexual encounters Kevin finds himself relating his experiences to his friend Chen who is a handsome young Chinese actor in the film industry. Although Chen is possibly the straightest guy Kevin has ever met he seems to have an avid, even an obsessional interest in hearing about Kev's love-making with his Burmese boy. Will this lead to further complications?

EXTRACT:

> After the waiter had deposited two pints of Tiger I got straight to the point and asked my new Burmese friend if he visited the sauna very often.
>
> "Sometimes. When I can afford it."
>
> "Do you usually fuck Asian boys or always Caucasian guys?"
>
> "Oh, always Caucasian men. Never Asian boy."
>
> He looked at me rather wistfully. "You have family?"
>
> "No, no children. But I do have a goddaughter. She lives in England."
>
> "Oh…" his eyes glistened. "Can I be your godson?"
>
> "Of course you can." We both laughed and raised our glasses. Then he looked at me rather seriously.
>
> "I love my godfather. But is it OK if I fuck with my godfather?" He laughed uproariously.
>
> "I'm sure it's OK… my godson."
>
> More glistening and clinking.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Kevin Armstrong works as a scriptwriter in Australian and Asian film and television. "Burmese Boy – a Gay Odyssey" is his first e-book for Balmain Publishing.

"Burmese Boy" contains graphic descriptions of gay sex acts. It should not be read by the faint-hearted or those below the age of 18.

- Kevin Armstrong

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Kevin Armstrong
BURMESE BOY

CHAPTER ONE: Malaysia

Day Thermos is reputed to be one of the best gay saunas in Kuala Lumpur. You'll find it near the Grand Imperial Hotel. Just walk down an alley at the side of the hotel and you will find Day Thermos. It's just opposite the famous Blue Boy gay bar. On its exterior the Day Thermos establishment presents itself as a "male gymnasium." It has a modest amount of gym equipment in one small room certainly, but there's a lot of action that goes on within that could not strictly be called "gymnastic." But as the old cliché goes – "caution is the better part of valour." I love clichés and when you think about it clichés usually become clichés because they are true.

In any case the operators of Day Thermos can be forgiven for being somewhat cautious because male to male sex is still outlawed in Malaysia. Indeed there used to be a huge black and white photo of the back of a naked young man in the locker area. The young guy had his hand over his arse. The message was clear. However on my last visit I noticed that the photo had been taken down. Because of occasional police harassment in KL, gay saunas there usually don't supply free condoms and lube so you will need to take your own.

The front counter staff at the sauna are usually friendly and on my last visit the entrance fee was RM30.00. You will be issued with a key and a locker number. By the way, the lockers with their imitation hardwood finish are the most glamorous I have encountered anywhere. Even the restrooms are luxuriously detailed.

I made my first visit to Day Thermos a couple of years ago. As I left the locker area wrapped in a blue towel I wondered if I would be welcomed by the regulars. I'm Caucasian and past "the first bloom of youth" as the saying goes. Clichés again. I needn't have worried. Within a minute or so of entering the small, dark steam sauna area (more about this region later) and sitting on a bench, I had a black, thick uncut cock pushed into my hand. As my eyes adjusted to the gloom I saw that I was sitting next to a very handsome young Indian fellow. Over the next ten minutes or so I helped him release his load. With my wrist feeling a little the worse for wear (clichés!) I politely refused his helping hand or lips as I had more exploring to do.

I mounted a metal staircase to the next level. I quickly saw that this mostly consisted of a busy shower area, the small gym mentioned above and a corridor which ran past a row of small rooms. Because it was mid-afternoon most of the doors were still open but there were plenty of guys of varying ages looking out for prospects. By the way, although "money boys" can be something of a pest in Thailand's saunas I've never been asked for money in a sauna in Malaysia or

Singapore.

A young Malaysian boy was making gestures and I realized he wanted me to go into one of the rooms. We didn't exchange a word – we didn't have to. I quickly realized that he wanted to be blown. One of things I love about many Malaysian boys (and there are plenty of other factors let me tell you) is their smooth, almost hairless bodies. Your hand sweeps down over the golden chest, the flat stomach… and encounters a sudden glorious jungle – a luxurious bunch of glistening black pubic hair enshrining a smooth uncut cock. His foreskin was just the length that I like – sufficient to cover the *glans* when in repose but without too much "overhang" which, visually, can be a little gross. Or am I being too fussy? Actually I've found that most Malay and Thai boys (maybe I'm just lucky) tend to have their foreskins neatly proportioned. Go to European cities like Vienna or Berlin and you may have trouble finding the head in too generous folds of skin. Or maybe I'm exaggerating. But I think that it has something to do with the climate of those countries. In South-East Asia cocks, because of the heat, don't need so much protection. In the depths of an icy European winter on the other hand, penises need wrapping. That's my theory anyway – perhaps one day someone will carry out a scientific study.

I peeled back the foreskin and took the cock fairly easily in my mouth and the boy started gently thrusting. My taste buds tingled and I took his balls in hand and held and squeezed them gently. With my other hand I explored that intimate region between testicles and rectum. The boy immediately lifted his left leg in the air and I knew what else he desired. My finger tips gently touched the rippled and hairless rim of the magic cave and the boy for the first time kissed me full on the mouth and rubbed his tongue against mine. Gently I pushed my index finger up to the first knuckle and I there was a sudden intake of breath. At the same time the rectum muscles were gripping my finger so I pushed it further inside until I touched something smooth and round… the boy gave a shudder and released his load into my mouth. The taste was sweet but with an added, somewhat mysterious tang. Perhaps it's just my imagination but I've often found the taste of Asian boys to be not as salty as those from cooler climes.

All at once the encounter was over and the boy grabbed his towel and headed out the door. We hadn't exchanged a word.

I've often noticed in gay saunas that if the mood isn't right then you can hang around for an hour or more *sans* any kind of interest or action. You can stand wrapped in your towel silently cursing the wasted afternoon or telling yourself that you just popped in for relaxation in the spa or a drink at the bar maybe. But when the action

starts it often carries on like a game of ping pong. Consequently as I followed the now unloaded boy out of the door and into the corridor I found myself getting signals from another smooth-skinned Malaysian. He was older than the boy, probably in his mid-twenties. The young man took me into another room and gestured for me to get up onto a plastic covered bench. Fortunately he had a condom and a small tube of lube. Because this was my first visit to a sauna in KL I hadn't realized you had to supply your own. I saw that the guy's cock was almost painfully erect, no foreplay required here… he just wanted to get down to it. He asked me to get onto my hands and knees. He was rather tired because he'd been fucking all afternoon and this would be the easiest position for him. I complied, spreading the cheeks of my arse. His fingers, generously wet with lube explored the rim of my hole and then gently started probing inside. I told him that he would need to go easy at first because I was pretty tight, like an eighteen year old. He laughed… but very slowly pushed the head of his cock into my now slippery arse. I gasped and my arse muscles, almost of their own accord, gripped. There was a wave of pain but it wasn't too radical because the young man's cock was of medium size in length and girth. I never use the term "average." No one on this planet is average. I knew that the pain would soon recede. Sure enough, after a few moments the young man started to push further and my arse muscles loosened in welcoming fashion. Also, I was now confident enough to push against the cock and we soon set up a gentle but satisfying rhythm. At the same time his hand was wanking my cock. All too soon the young man cried out and I felt that always mysterious organic pressure brimming in my tubes. Spurts of my load splashed on plastic and the young man withdrew his now deflated prick from my arse. After curiously examining the contents of the condom he was gone. I sat on the bench feeling somewhat deflated. Already I was missing the young boy with the glistening pubic hair. Because I had immediately gone with the older man I felt like an unfaithful slut. How crazy was that? Go figure. Time to head back to the Corus Hotel, a couple of quiet Tiger beers at the bar and a few songs from the girl band.

CHAPTER TWO: Love in a Sauna

Often the received wisdom in gay circles is that "you will find sex but never love in a sauna." I beg to differ and will outline my reasons later in this chapter. On the other hand wherever you go in the world you will find, usually, younger guys, wasting hours of their time in saunas. Perhaps they are looking for 'Mr Perfect.' They'll walk around and around, cruising the floors of saunas, rejecting advances from other men. Perhaps they'll be given a piercing look, a brush of an arm, a wink… On the other hand there are sauna habituates who are pretty shy about making such advances, fearing the hurt of rejection. So there are heaps of Mexican stand offs. By the way, the universal, international signal gays in saunas will give to either indicate lack of interest or that a sex session is over – is two light taps on the other guy's arm or wherever. Ninety nine times out of a hundred the would-be suitor will not persist – after all there are plenty of other fish in the sea and cocks in the sauna. If you are harassed then report it to the management – they often have a policy on this kind of incident.

On a much more recent visit to Day Thermos I was wandering around wearing my blue towel when I encountered a dark region I hadn't visited before. It was like a vision of Hades with bulging figures looming out of the shadows. I found my way into a room that that had a huge round bed-like structure covered in white plastic. Vague shapes shifted in the gloom. I was feeling pretty horny so I divested myself of my towel, lay back on the bed and waited to see what would eventuate. Sure enough I soon felt a flicker of rubber on the end of my cock and a tall, wavy haired young man was impaling himself on my shaft. I spurted fairly quickly and my cock slid out of the young man's arse. I asked him his name – "Rafael". My God, I've always wanted to fuck someone called Rafael. I headed for the showers and in a fairly abashed manner had to explain to a couple of Malay boys that I had just released my load.

I spent an hour or so downstairs on one of the complementary on-line computers checking and answering e-mails. A drink of coffee at the bar and I felt things "down there" stirring again. My God… perhaps it had something to do with the special ambiance of Day Thermos because it usually takes me twenty four hours to recover and re-fill the tanks.

I then headed upstairs again into the darkened corridors and play areas and came across the two young Malay boys from the showers. They'd joined a bunch of slightly older guys and were just starting off

a circle wank. One of the lads gave me a wave, making it clear I was welcome to join in. Most gay men and particularly habituates of gay saunas won't need me to explain the circle wank. But for the benefit of any straight lads who may be exploring these pages…

For a circle wank all the boys stand in a circle (obviously… duh). There should be some light because it's hotter if you can see what everyone else is doing. Everyone is naked, no towels. Instead of grabbing your own cock you take hold of the weapon of the boy on your right and he in turn grabs the cock of the guy on ***his*** right. And so it goes on round the circle… the more the merrier… until the boy on your ***left*** takes hold of your cock. And so the wanking begins. There's a kind of mysterious silent communication between the lads and this sets the pace… slower or faster… shorter or longer strokes. In this kind of revved up hothouse atmosphere it won't be very long before some of the boys start spurting into the centre of the circle. I've been involved in circle wanks where there are awards – perhaps for the boy who cums first or for the guy who manages to hold out longest.

I first got involved in circle wanks, believe it or not, when I was a member of the Boy Scouts. I belonged to the First Applecross Troop in a riverside suburb of Perth, Western Australia. Thinking back I realize this may have been one of the gayest Boy Scout troops in the whole of Australia. Of course in those days my school mates and I had never heard of the term "gay" pertaining to sex and we'd certainly never come across the word "homosexuality." We'd had it drummed in to us that it was "dirty" to even think about touching up girls. But no one had told us that we shouldn't play with each other. I guess you could say we were innocent or at least naive in a queer sort of way. Nevertheless, some instinct told us that we should be very discreet about our "playing", it was to be kept a dire secret in our own little world.

My first brush with sex came when I was the age of twelve. I'd started to get regular erections and my cock would pop up in my grey school boy shorts at the most inconvenient of times. I'd heard about wanking but didn't really know what it meant. Then the word went round our junior high school one Friday afternoon. An older lad (all of about sixteen) who was from another nearby high school was going to give an exhibition of wanking on the following morning. This was Neil Hamilton who I imagine, thinking back, must have been a straight boy because he had the not so savoury reputation of fucking both his sisters in the family bathroom when their parents were out at work.

So early on the Saturday morning twenty or so of us gathered in a small bushland clearing just off the sports oval of our school. Neil

Hamilton turned up on time and asked the boys to form a circle.

"Have any of yous started wanking yet?

Two of the older lads (about thirteen) rather sheepishly raised their hands.

"OK… for the benefit of the rest of yous I'll show you how it's done."

With that he dropped his shorts, releasing a fairly large uncut cock into the fresh morning air. It was already rock hard. With his right hand he started to pull and push his foreskin up and down the shaft. He obviously had a fairly generous amount of skin because I recall that it would completely cover the cock head with each stroke. I noticed that I was getting hard myself and that several of my mates had tent like shapes in their shorts. After Neil had been stroking for about ten minutes he shouted: "Here it comes" and I was astonished to see jets of white liquid spurting out of his piss hole. Now this was confusing. Was that what some of my friends called "spunk"? I'd always thought that the slit on the end of my cock was exclusively for pissing out of. Wow, talk about multi-purpose? There was a sporadic burst of applause.

Now, grinning rather sheepishly, Neil Hamilton shook leftover drops of cum off the end of his cock, pulled up his shorts and disappeared into the bush without saying a word. I couldn't wait to go home and experiment.

Back to the Boy Scout troop. A couple of weeks after Neil's demo it was school holidays and my folks had signed me up for a camping trip in the Darling Ranges with the scouts. We arrived in the hills on a Saturday and set about putting up the tents. I always loved this phase of scouting, working out how to pitch the canvas, banging in the tent pegs, tying off the ropes with the intricate knots we'd practised. The reef knot was my favourite. There was something deeply satisfying about pitching a tent.

After the pitching was over Mr Boswell the Scout Master called us together and told us we had a choice – we could go for a bushwalk with him (most of the guys cheered at this) or because we'd had a fairly long journey and had worked hard pitching the tents, those boys who were tired could rest in the tents if they wanted to. I elected to stay and rest as did Tim, a rather dark skinned boy who was a member of my patrol and would be sleeping in my tent. I thought that Tim's ancestors may have come from some place in the middle east, or maybe even the Indian sub-continent but he had a broad enough Aussie accent.

The sleeping arrangements were basic – as befitted hardy, adventurous boy scouts. Just sleeping bags rolled out on rubber

ground sheets.

Tim and I went to our tent and lay down on our sleeping bags. However I soon realized that my mate had no notion of just resting. I was quite surprised when he stepped out of his khaki shorts and knelt on his bag. He didn't try to conceal the fairly large erection that jutted out in front of him and I noted with interest that he was uncut although, of course, I didn't say anything. He gave his cock a few strokes and then looked at me. "There's a group of us do this all the time at Army Cadets Kev. You should've joined." With that he went back to his wanking and I felt myself hardening. I couldn't take my eyes off Tim's fairly loose foreskin riding up and down his shaft. At last I could stand it no longer. I slipped off my shorts and started pulling my own medium sized uncut cock. Tim gave me a complicit grin.

"My Dad tried to talk to me about wanking the other day" he chirped. "It was all so embarrassing. He tried to ask me if I'd started wanking – can you believe it? Anyway, he told me not to, that it was bad for my eyesight and that in any case I should save my spunk for the girl I'll marry. Well, that took me by surprise Kev. I've been wanking every day since the beginning of the year but I'd never thought about my future wife."

Tim stopped in mid stroke and looked at me. "You know Kev I thought, well maybe Dad's right. Maybe I should save it for… then I thought, nah, why should I worry? I'm sure the girl I marry won't miss a few drops."

With that Tim started pulling his cock again in earnest and I could see that his well-shaped head was swelling and turning red. He gasped and shot more than just a few drops all over his ground sheet.

A couple of days after my previous visit to Malaysia I was back at Day Thermos. On this occasion, after donning my towel, I went straight into the small dark wet sauna area where I'd encountered the handsome Indian boy. Almost immediately I was embraced in the dark. As my eyes adjusted to the gloom I thought I was being held by another Malaysian boy. Smooth, hairless body excepting for the lush pubes. Very closely cropped black hair. Eyes that glittered. His towel fell away and I became aware of an extremely generous uncut cock. I would discover sometime later how generous. "You want to fuck?" he whispered in my ear. Well, this boy certainly believed in getting down to it. Taking my hand he led the way up the metal staircase and along the corridor with the private rooms. But the doors were all firmly closed. Now seeming a little desperate the boy manoeuvred me into a shadowy alcove at the top of the stairs. I felt the tip of his cock probing for my opening, no lube, no time, what the hell. I willed my

arse muscles to relax and flexed those at the base of my cock… those that you clinch if you suddenly have to stop pissing. The head of the boy's cock was inside and I pushed back very slowly. Wow, about seven inches I thought, making an educated guess. Later I discovered I was bang on if I can put it like that. Although it was fairly dark at the top of the stairs I felt somewhat exposed as guys of all ages and sizes drifted past. No one seemed bothered or even interested except for a massive "chub" who stopped to examine my boy's thrusting bubble butt. Well, perhaps in thinking of him as "my boy" I was being a little premature. I didn't even know his name.

By the by, most saunas I've been to keep larger towels (massive really) for chubs who are a fairly common variety. Well, perhaps "common" is being a little unfair, but you know what I mean. Chubs are usually youngish men with great rolls of fat. I've sometimes wondered about the life expectancy of the chub. One of my young gay friends is into chubs and he tells me that they often have very small cocks and that it's rather difficult to discover them sometimes.

Before "my boy" came one of the rooms along the corridor became vacant so we grabbed it. Now I could see the boy more clearly and noticed that although his skin had a dark golden hue, his cock was nearly black. I gave it a few gentle tugs, pulling the foreskin so that the lips met, thus hiding the head for a moment. I let go and the foreskin receded just a little, with the tip of the *glans* peeping out. Just the right length. More ammo for my theory.

I soon discovered that my boy was called Adrian and that he was actually Burmese. This explained his lovely lilting accent. He was also quick to tell me that he was bi-sexual and that he had a girlfriend. Well…

We started fucking again and at the same time he was wanking my cock. Now you don't have to be Sherlock Holmes to work out who was up whom. Well, if he wasn't going to cum, I certainly was. I twisted myself round, he took my cock in his mouth and I exploded. He spluttered and spat and it was only some time later that I discovered he didn't really like taking a load orally. But because we had only just met he felt that he should be polite and accommodate me. Adrian started shoving himself into my nether regions again and at last he came. Just before he climaxed he pulled out and I gratefully took his load in my mouth. Once again there was that beautiful Asian taste… smooth with just a touch of the tang of tropical seas perhaps. Ah, Joseph Conrad… where are you now?

Adrian told me that he had to go to the toilet and I thought – well, it was good while it lasted. Will I ever see him again? Whilst I was waiting a very black Indian guy popped his head in the door with a questioning look. I wouldn't have said "no" under normal

circumstances but I'd just unloaded and… "Sorry Darling. I'm waiting for my boyfriend." Boyfriend? My God, we are becoming presumptuous. He flashed me a grin and disappeared. After a while Adrian suddenly reappeared and my heart leapt and skipped a beat at the same time – if that is medically possible. I told him what had transpired in his absence and he laughed and darted his eyes.

We went down stairs to our lockers and I suddenly felt uncomfortable as I found myself being stared at rather malevolently by a thick-set Arab guy I'd had to knock back on my previous visit after coming inside Rafael.

I sat on a bench in the locker area and Adrian insisted on helping me put on my candy striped socks. I didn't know whether to feel embarrassed or whether I should gloat. Anyway, I was aware of some rather envious looks. When we were done I invited Anthony to join me for a beer in Malone's bar across the road from Day Thermos.

After the waiter had deposited two pints of Tiger I got straight to the point and asked my new friend if he visited the sauna very often.

"Sometimes. When I can afford it."

"Do you usually fuck Asian boys or always Caucasian guys?"

"Oh, always Caucasian men. Never Asian boy."

He looked at me rather wistfully. "You have family?"

"No, no children. But I do have a goddaughter. She lives in England."

"Oh…" his eyes glistened. "Can I be your godson?"

"Of course you can." We both laughed and raised our glasses. Then he looked at me rather seriously. "I love my godfather. But is it OK if I fuck with my godfather?" He laughed uproariously.

"I'm sure it's OK… my godson."

More glistening and clinking.

CHAPTER THREE: An Absence of Holes

So far in Malaysia I have not come across any glory holes in the saunas that I have visited. This may be because the owners do not wish to provide such graphic hints of the kind of action that goes on in these places to inquisitive visiting authorities. Of course glory holes are openings in walls or partitions between two rooms placed at an appropriate height from the floor. They are usually generous enough so that the guy seeking satisfaction can insert his cock and his "satisfier" on the other side can fondle his balls as well as wank or suck the offered cock.

Naturally enough the glory hole has an air of mystery. Who is on the other side? A spunky young guy or a wizened old bloke with an obscenely distended gut? Quite often the cock by its appearance and feel will give some clues. If it's smooth and silky and really hard then you could make an educated guess that the owner is a toned young man or maybe a cute twink. Or maybe an older fellow souped up on Viagra? That's the mystery. Often the term "glory" can be seen to be something of an exaggeration when you are presented by the evidence coming through the hole but it's the thought that counts.

Actually I suppose you could say that an addiction to glory holes is a kind of sexual fetish. One of its main attractions is in the way it allows you to let your imagination run wild. Who is on the other side? A young prince or an assassin? A pilot or a powerful executive? Does he have a boyfriend? Is he married… to a woman? Does he have a family? Of course you don't know and yet you are linked (albeit anonymously as well as amorously) in the most intimate manner. If the sauna is not too crowded then once you have unloaded (or your partition partner has blown) you may be able to go out and work out who you just had sex with. Recently in a sauna in Melbourne I was waiting by a glory hole when I was delighted to see a very dark uncut cock coming through the opening. It was very hard and had two prominent veins. I wanked the loose foreskin and then went down on the smooth, wet head. It wasn't long before pre-cum glistened from the piss hole. I also practised (this is a technique I love to use at glory holes) what I call the double decker or sandwich wank. I don't know if there is another term to describe it. I put my cock on top of the other guy's dick and then wank both of them. Of course each cock is facing in opposite directions. For this it's best if both boys are uncut. On this occasion I was impressed at how generously my dark friend was equipped with skin.

Shortly after we'd finished I left the room with the glory hole and saw a dark skinned young guy walking towards the showers. There

weren't very many customers in the venue at that time so I reasoned this must be my dark prince. I thought he must be Indian or maybe a lad from some South Pacific island. I got something of a thrill watching him, knowing that I'd just had his generous cock in my mouth but he had no idea who I was. Voyeurism forever!

Of course not all encounters at glory holes remain anonymous. Once I was linked to a guy via a glory hole in what Sydney's Steamworks Sauna call their "Suckerama." Now let me explain. If you feel like having your cock sucked you go up to the third floor of the sauna. Then you go up a short flight of stairs to discover a row of small rooms, or cubicles if you like. On a platform in front of you there is a large television monitor showing endless gay porn. Beneath this in the wall, guess what, there is an aperture where you can present your cock and balls. On the other side of the wall, but on a lower level, there is another row of cubicles inhabited by guys who want to suck cock. Because of the lower level the sucker can remain standing whilst he sucks what is on offer. No uncomfortable stooping or kneeling on a hard floor. Is there no limit to gay sexual ingenuity? There should be an award!

Anyway, on this particular afternoon I felt like doing some sucking so I went into one of the lower cubicles. Soon I was rewarded. From the look and the colour of the uncut cock on offer I reasoned the owner was probably a young Chinese guy. After about fifteen minutes of wanking and sucking he bent down, looked at me through the hole and said: "Why don't we go and find a room?"

I went outside and met a beautiful young Chinese boy, probably no older than twenty, in the corridor. Steamworks is a great place to link up with Chinese guys. It's on the edge of Chinatown and very close to two universities. All of the Chinese boys who go to the venue are not necessarily gay. I reckon that some of them are probably quite straight or at least bi – but are probably too hard up to go out on dates with women. It's much cheaper for them to go to the Steamworks and get their rocks off.

My Chinese boy led me to a room and lay down on a mattress. Before me was displayed the most beautiful Chinese guy I had ever been with. A luscious cock and a pair of firm, full balls. After some more rather conventional wanking and sucking I decided that this young man was so fantastically clean that I wanted to do something that I would usually not consider on a first acquaintance. I lifted his legs, putting them on my shoulders, bent down and took his balls in my mouth. After a while I started to lick the intimate area between his testicles and arse hole. Then with my tongue I explored his hairless rim. He groaned with pleasure and I thrust my tongue into the opening. Now here was a different kind of glory hole!

He gave another groan and said: “Please… put one of your fingers up my arse.”

“Just one finger? Certainly. With pleasure.”

I went to a dispenser and put plenty of lube on one of my index fingers.

Putting his spread legs back on my shoulders I gently started to push my finger into the fragrantly clean hole. At first I just pushed it in up to the first knuckle.

“More” he smiled. I slid my finger all the way in and then I started to fuck him with it.

After this had gone on for some time and I was lost in an erotic oriental dream born out of a sauna glory hole the boy said: “Now I want to fuck you.”

He got me to lie down on my stomach, slid a condom over his cock and knelt behind me. I spread my legs.

“No, no! Close your legs.”

I did so, he lay on top of me and started to slide his sheathed cock up and down between the cheeks of my arse. After a while he said: “Now open.” He slid his cock up my hole and made soft moaning sounds as it glided up and down. He came and examined the contents of the condom. He offered it to me – I put my finger in and tasted his fragrant cum.

After we parted I reflected – there is something very erotic about pushing your finger up the hole of a boy whose name you do not know and probably will never know.

However there are certain dangers about having anonymous sex via glory holes. After initial wanking and sucking some guys may try to impale themselves on your cock. Meaning they will turn round and take it up their arse. If you are up for it then this will be OK as long as they wear a condom. Of course you will feel the flutter of rubber coming over your cock before they start to push themselves onto it. Recently a young friend of mine was being sucked off at a glory hole in a Sydney sauna. He was transported by the subtle nature of the blowjob he was getting. The guy on the other side was obviously an expert. His mouth was very wet and every now and then there was a very gentle touch of teeth. There was a brief pause in the action and then my friend felt there was a subtle change to the sensation he was enjoying. He then realized that his unprotected cock was up the arse of the boy on the other side of the partition. He pulled out, wiped himself and felt he’d learned a lesson.

CHAPTER FOUR: Love Out of a Sauna

On that first day when I'd had sex with Adrian in Day Thermos and we finished laughing and clinking in Malone's Bar just across the road, a wave of sadness came over me. Such was sauna culture, especially in South-East Asia, that there was a fair chance we might not see each other again.

"You want to meet up Anthony, maybe in a few days time?"

He seemed enthusiastic: "Of course Godfather."

I'd promised to go and stay with a straight friend, a young Chinese actor called Chen Yeng who lived in Puchong, on the outskirts of the city. He resided in a tall townhouse which overlooked a huge and mysterious lake which was reputed to contain many sinister secrets.

"That's great Adrian. Let's meet here a week from now, five o'clock on Monday afternoon."

"That would be wonderful Godfather."

"Oh, and don't forget to bring your lovely cock."

He looked at me with a raised eyebrow, not getting my rather poor joke, and then he laughed quietly.

The week or so in Puchong seemed to go fairly slowly. I was researching a book I am writing on 'The Emergency', the period during the 1950's and early 1960's when British and Australian forces were fighting communist guerrillas in the jungles of Malaya, or Malaysia as it became when the British colony gained its independence. I took Chen's cute Chinese Chou dogs for walks around the lake and in the evening after work I would sip on a couple of Tiger beers with my friend on his balcony. One night after a couple of "sherbets" as they say in Australia we started to talk about sex – straight sex at that. Chen, because of his looks, has never had any trouble cracking onto women. He told me that he only likes to go with very beautiful women, however he sometimes comes across the problem, even with the most exquisite girls, of "the ugly vagina."

"Well, maybe you don't have to look at it."

Chen gave me a depreciating look, as if he pitied my gross naivety. "There are times when you actually do have to look at it."

"The ugly vagina?" I countered. "I don't think it's a problem I'll ever encounter."

At last Monday arrived, I took the train into the city centre and checked into the Corus Hotel. I arrived early at Malone's Bar and ordered a Happy Hour pint of Tiger. Already I was kicking myself, this was all a complete waste of time. I should have stuck with 'The

Emergency' and walking the dogs around the lake. Why would cute Adrian of the closely cropped hair and the sparkling eyes bother to meet up with me? He'd probably forgotten all about our date. Just as I was planning what I would do on a suddenly vacant evening my mobile rang at precisely 5 p.m.

"Hello Godfather. Are we still meeting?"

"Of course Godson. Where are you?"

"At Malone's."

I realized the boy had been waiting outside for me. I ordered some beers and we joyfully resumed our laughing and clinking. Afterwards I discovered that Adrian lived nearby, handy to the mono-rail. His work was fairly mysterious and he said something about earning "commissions" but I didn't press him. He also told me that he shared a flat with his sister who was only seventeen and worked in a beauty parlour.

"Well, what do you feel like doing Godson? Do you want to go to Day Thermos or to my hotel."

"Oh, hotel please Godfather. Floor of Day Thermos all sticky with cum."

Back at the Corus hotel we went up to my room and got down to business fairly quickly. I'm not really sure if I will be able to portray this in my prose effectively but Adrian has this cute habit of recoiling with wide eyes and gasping "Ohh!" when something interests him or amazes him. You could describe it as a big double-take. Now that we were getting to know each other I started to respond, so we had great fun reacting to each other with our "Ohh's!" as the elevator doors opened to surprised residents.

At the risk of repeating myself, my friend Chen is one of the straightest guys I've ever met. We are very close, "soul-partners" in fact… but the nearest we've come to anything sexual was when he showed me pictures of his cock on his mobile phone in a bar one night. Of course it was beautiful, the colour, the texture… but completely beyond my reach as it were. I asked him if there was any way we could zoom in so I could have a closer look but he became a bit embarrassed and flustered and put the phone away. Yes, Chen is one very straight guy. This doesn't mean that he isn't curious about my exploits with boys and young men. One evening on his balcony overlooking Lake Mysterious I showed him some images I'd taken of Adrian. He pretended to be scandalized. "These are porn!"

"Oh don't be so ridiculous Chen. The boy is wearing his briefs. Of course, you can't see them in the pics but you can't see anything else either."

Anyway, Chen said that he wasn't all that impressed. "He's got a large mouth."

“Huh?” Well that didn’t stop Chen asking Adrian when I finally introduced them in Malone’s a week or so later if he had any sisters.

But I’m getting ahead of myself. Back to the Corus Hotel. I sat on the end of the bed and Adrian came and stood between my legs. He quickly undid his belt and dropped his jeans. He was about to do the same with his briefs when I stopped him. “No, let me.” First of all I massaged Adrian’s genitals through his cotton briefs. Feeling the cock harden in my grip gave me something of a thrill. Well, it always does. Finally I lowered Adrian’s shorts and was gladdened to be reunited with his almost black cock. I peeled back the foreskin and took the moist head in my mouth. Soon there were generous drops of pre-cum. I held his balls in my hand, they were firm and full. “We’ll have to see if we can empty those later on.”

My Chinese friend Chen, always curious about my sexual relations with my Burmese boy, asked me sometime later. “What happens when you and the boy go up to the hotel room? What’s the protocol?” Protocol? Jesus! “Well what happens?” he insisted. “Do you sit round for a while and chat, have a drink maybe?”

“No Chen, we do not sit round and chat and have a drink, we get right down to it.”

However, on this occasion, our first time out of the sauna, there was a hitch, I was out of lube. Eyeing Adrian’s proud seven and a half inches I said “I think we’d better go shopping.” One of Chen’s friends is a youngish Malay guy called Marty. Marty is a plastic surgeon. Apart from working on unwanted lines and creases and crows’ feet in women, Marty can add two inches to a guy’s cock. I warned Chen that he was not to tell Adrian about this procedure. Apart from the obvious expense I would incur I didn’t think I could cope with my Adrian sporting nine and a half inches.

Soon some crystal-clear drops of pre-cum emerged from Adrian’s piss hole and I gratefully licked them up. He seemed delighted that I was tasting him. Wanting to postpone pleasure and so make it even more intense I suggested to my refugee boy that we should maybe take a break and go out to get something to eat. I asked him if he wanted to go to a local eatery or a western style restaurant. My preference in this amazing city is to go perhaps to a Malaysian, or perhaps an Indian place. The food always seems much more interesting (to a visiting palette at least) and the ingredients certainly fresher.

“Oh please Godfather, can we go to Friday’s? I sometimes go to local place. But with my wages I could never afford Western.” Friday’s it would be although I wasn’t necessarily looking forward to another boring serving of hamburgers or fish and chips. I wondered about KL’s

cuisine. Once you got out of the centre of the city everywhere you look, especially in the poorer, most run down areas there are streets accommodating night markets and lined with stalls and mucking carts. The food seemed so plentiful and cheap that I wondered if anyone ever bothered to cook at home.

What I really love about Kuala Lumpur is how even at nine o'clock at night there are people everywhere eating and drinking and having a great time. There are travellers, bunches of people who look and sound as if they might be work mates and families revelling in the sights and the sounds of the night. The same can't be said for some of our Australian cities. Come nine o'clock at night and the thoroughfares all too often become desolate, dreary no-go zones. A few desperate looking young people sitting behind cardboard signs begging for change. I don't want to be too cynical but somehow all these signs look the same, as if some sort of cardboard sign dealer has cornered the market. Not so long ago I came across a young girl and boy equipped with the obligatory cardboard sign in Perth near the State Art Gallery. A passing matron dropped some coins in the couple's plastic bowl and I could have sworn that beggar girl sneered as she turned up her snub nose. Moments later she pulled out an expensive looking smart phone. Probably calling her accountant.

Anyway, Adrian and I were making our way through the milling foyer of the Corus Hotel. "Hi Mr Kev" shouted the cute Philipino boy who presided over the bar.

Soon Adrian and I were delving into the huge shoppers' paradise that is the KLCC mall next to Kuala Lumpur's legendary twin towers. A world of swirling fashion, souvenirs, crusty jewellery and Swatch watches. We were passing Manhattan's exclusive men's store that had previously been pointed out to me by Chen my Chinese actor friend.

"I often shop there" he said nonchalantly, "They cater to the beautiful people" suggesting that I was not one of them."

I noticed that Adrian had his eye on the shop.

"Godfather, do you feel like giving me a present?"

"Sure" I suggested hoping that it wouldn't be a light weight Armani suit.

"You know Godfather, the briefs you took my cock out of… that's one of two pair. The only ones I own."

I immediately felt ashamed, we went into the store and I insisted on buying Adrian a dozen pairs of knickers. An older man standing at the counter grinned at me out of the corner of his mouth. On our way to Friday's we were passing the Guardian Pharmacy and Adrian asked me if I had plenty of lube. This gladdened my heart. I already knew that the boy was into fucking from our time at Day Thermos but I didn't want to count my chickens as the old cliché goes. I was further

heartened when my Godson selected an economy size tube. The young Muslim woman at the till looked at us in askance.

Back in my room at The Corus Adrian was keen to get down to business. We undressed and I didn't have to spend much time wanking and sucking his splendid black cock for him to get hard. I pondered for a moment whether he would be interested in trying out cock docking. For any straight guys or girls I'll explain. Apologies to all you experienced gay boys who are well versed in cock docking. To begin, it's best if you kneel on a bed (or sofa or etc.) facing your partner. It's also best if both guys are hard but it's ok if you are only half mast as they used to say in the classics. Both cocks are pointing at each other, heads touching. The guy taking the lead takes both cocks in his hands. He pulls his foreskin forward, opens up the lips and pushes it over the head of his partner's cock. Then he proceeds to wank. During the docking the lead boy's foreskin is not gliding over his own cock head but that of his boyfriend's. Sorry to all you circumcised guys, but you really do need to be uncut to be able to indulge in cock docking. Cut boys can still enjoy the sandwich wank (please see an earlier chapter). However if you are cut then the good news is that you can still enjoy cock docking in a partial kind of way. Just find yourself a friend who is uncut and who, hopefully, has a fairly generous foreskin. Face your uncut mate either kneeling or standing, get yourself hard or semi erect. Your cocks are pointing at each other, heads kissing. Pull your friend's foreskin forward, open the lips and insert your cock head. Now start wanking using the boy's skin. Or let him do the manipulating. It may be even hotter if you have another friend present who can take charge of the docking. It is interesting to see who will cum first. In my experience it is usually the guy whose cock head is being "skinned" by his partner. However sometimes the wanker will cum first. On rare, delicious occasions both boys will cum simultaneously, mixing their juice between foreskins and heads. In fact you could say that the goal of good cock docking is for both boys to cum together. Like most things in life practice makes perfect.

Adrian and I decided to try cock docking. He was hard and I was semi-erect which helped in a way. He took my cock in his hand and nuzzled it against his own cock head. He opened up my foreskin and inserted his head between the lips. He then started to wank my skin over his own cock head. Adrian and I have foreskins of similar length. There is a kind of code which measures foreskin lengths in relation to cocks and I think we would both fit into the same category. After what seemed like a very short time I felt pressure building deep down in my tubes. I signalled to Adrian and he stopped wanking. I didn't want the pressure to become irresistible, I didn't want to blow my load just yet.

We rested for a moment. I fondled Adrian's balls and he caressed

my chest. “You have a beautiful body Godfather. Very firm, very hard… no sagging.” I was relieved and pleased at the assessment. Adrian jumped out of the bed and got us a couple of Tiger beers from the bar fridge.

After a short interlude of television my Burmese boy grabbed the lube tube and greased up his cock. I turned around and spread the cheeks of my arse.

“Put plenty of that up my hole with your fingers will you Godson? I’m very tight, like an eighteen year old.”

Laughing, Adrian smeared a liberal amount around my hole and then smeared his fingers. At first he gently explored the rim with the tips. Then he started to push the tip of one index finger into the hole. Already it felt incredible. He then pushed his finger further in, up to the first knuckle I estimated.

“You okay Godfather?”

In reply I pushed against his finger and he started to finger fuck me gently and I felt my tight muscles relaxing in a welcoming kind of way. Then Adrian pulled his finger out and came back at my opening with two fingers. He pushed them slowly into my hole and then spread them apart as much as he could or my arse muscles would let him.

I didn’t really reciprocate with my fingers because I already knew that Adrian was a strict top. He told me back in Day Thermos that he didn’t want to be fucked and he didn’t like cock sucking… although he loved having his own cock sucked. He told me that when he first tried sucking a friend some years ago “It didn’t taste good.” I figured that maybe his friend hadn’t washed properly and perhaps my Godson had tasted some cheesy smegma. I would never try to pressure my Burmese boy to do anything he didn’t want to do. Anyway Adrian was the best little fucker I’d ever come across so who was complaining? I don’t believe I’ve ever met any boy who loves fucking more than my godson. At any rate whenever I asked Adrian he would cheerfully kneel on the bed, spread his arse cheeks and show me his beautiful, dark Burmese opening. After several fucking sessions and we were really getting to know each other my boy was fine about not only displaying but letting me touch his lovely ring with my finger tips. However I’m getting ahead of myself so I must return to Adrian’s cock head entering me.

Using sign language my godson had indicated that he wanted me to lie face down on the bed.

“I love lying on your back, feeling all that lovely white skin Godfather.”

Adrian pulled back his foreskin and pushed his glistening head into my hole.

"That feel okay Godfather?"

I was touched by my godson's gentle concern. Apart from the rather delirious feeling I had in my rectum muscles – as if they felt that Adrian's cock head belonged there – there was a certain amount of somewhat diffused pain but I knew that it would fade away in a few moments. The boy then started to push the rest of his cock inside me until I had enveloped his whole seven and a half inches. I wonder, why is it that cocks have never gone metric?

Pondering this act of entering I've started to recall another occasion when a glorious young cock was making its way up my arse. This happened a long time ago in another place. Sponsored by the government Arts Council I had journeyed to Esperance, a wildly remote coastal town and port on the West Australian south coast. I had been commissioned to direct a production for the local amateur theatre guild. In a moment of loopy insanity, when the guild committee couldn't make up its mind, I decided that we would produce the musical "Cabaret." I was amazed when the committee, instead of pouring cold water on my idea cheered and one of the members started to pull celebratory beers out of an Esky. As the grog flowed I realized that they had only the haziest of notions about the challenges that lay ahead. How was I going to direct this celebrated edgy classic? I couldn't even read music. Perhaps I would just quietly leave town and send the committee a note telling them I'd checked into an insane asylum.

However the die was cast as it is all too often in life. Early rehearsals went amazingly well. The amateur cast were very talented and we'd found an exemplary pianist called Mona who could make the battered upright piano in the old Bijou Theatre sound like an orchestra.

One Saturday afternoon just before rehearsals got underway I was approached by a very cute young man who curiously enough was wearing a tartan tie. He had jet black curly hair, the smoothest olive skin and I couldn't help noticing a prominent package. This young "man" I figured was really a boy, probably eighteen at the most. He introduced himself as Christian Beaman, Cadet Journalist with the local Times. Could he interview me for the paper?

"Well, sure Chris…"

"Christian, it's always Christian" he laughed cheekily.

"When?"

"Tomorrow afternoon?"

"You work Sundays?"

"I work most days… but my Editor wants to run the story on Tuesday."

He gave me a knowing look.

“I want to give this real depth. It’s not every day we have a big cheese director come to town.”

“Well we’re not rehearsing tomorrow so sure, should I come to your office or shall we meet here at the theatre?”

“Nah, I thought I’d come round to your place?”

“My place?”

The drama committee had accommodated me in an old weather-board cottage on Robinson Avenue.

“Yeah, I’ll come round about one if that’s okay.”

I was only just starting to realize that in a town like Esperance you could have no secrets. Everyone knew your business. This was back in the days when each town had their own manually operated telephone exchange. One evening I wanted to ring Josie who was playing the role of Fraulein Schneider. I rang the exchange and asked Julie the operator to put me through to Josie’s number.

“Nah, I reckon you’re out of luck Kev” drawled Julie in her gravelly smokers’ voice. “I heard Josie’s gone over to the Birmans’. You want me to try their number?”

Anyway, I was finding it difficult to get the boy journalist out of my mind. Roll on tomorrow. No point in getting my hopes up. How could there possibly be any gay guys in Tiny Town? What would they do? Who would they do? But then… Christian had the longest eyelashes I’d ever seen on any boy anywhere. And then he’d been kind of insistent about meeting up at my place for the interview.

On the appointed day I showered in the antiquated bathroom and put on a shirt, a tie and a jacket. I’d recently been working in Europe and this is how I would normally present myself to a journalist. I’d not had time to get settled back into the informality of Australia. And – and I kept telling myself, this was business, a professional appointment. Also, I was not a child fucker. This boy was barely out of high school. Barely out? Forget it. This is Tiny Town.

The doorbell rang at five minutes to one and there he was on my doorstep. Mr Long Lashes. He was dressed in jeans and a sensible open-necked shirt. Feeling somewhat foolish and rather pre-historic I took off my jacket and loosened my tie. I got a couple of beers from the kitchen and we settled down in the tiny cane furnished lounge room. I noticed that Christian had a copy of the C.V. I’d sent to the drama group. Mr Efficiency, very professional. I’d been so stupid getting my hopes up. I’d just have to save my cum until I got back to the Big Smoke. For the past few days I’d been able resist even my usual early morning wank.

First of all we talked about my adventures in London and Vienna. My professional adventures – I wasn’t going to make a fool of myself by making allusions to my rather spectacular love life. Besides, this

was a small town and I didn't want the local gossips dining out on my fucking escapades.

I told the boy wonder about how I had to take over a production of *Carmen* at the Royal Opera House at the last minute. I'd been working there as an assistant director, mostly acting as a go-between between the director, the singers and the stage crew. We were approaching the opening night when there was an outbreak of dysentery. There was shit everywhere. A fresh tenor was flown in from Madrid and I found myself in the director's hot seat. I've always admired this about opera singers – actors need weeks and weeks to rehearse a play but opera singers, they can fly from continent to continent, take one or two rehearsals and if they already know the role they can walk onto the stage of the opera house and sing it with aplomb. If they know the role that is… Perhaps our fresh tenor from Madrid had been desperate for the work for, to my horror, on the opening night, I realized that he wasn't at all secure with the role of Don Jose. Half way through the first act he stumbled and then tried to recover, groping for the words. Then, I could have sworn, he started singing his shopping list during the Toreador Song!

"One stone of spuds and three pounds of peas.
Two capsicums, four corn cobs,
Three tins of baked beans and two chicken breasts,
Rolled oats, raisins and soap!"

I could see the boy reporter rolling his eyes. He laughed: "You're making it up Kev!"

So it was 'Kev' already? Progress?

"Not a bit of it young Christian. I thought we'd be slaughtered by the critics. But did they notice? Not a bit of it! However after a few more corn cobs and tins of beetroot Tizzy Madonna – that's what we called him – got back on track and, believe it or not, he brought the house down. There is no justice."

Tizzy Madonna? Had I just shown my hand? Well at least I wasn't showing my cock, not yet anyway. The boy screwed up his delicious lips in concentration.

"Do you reckon Kev that the stage… show business, you know what I mean… my headmaster used to tell me it's controlled by queers."

"Something of a cliché I would imagine Christian but perhaps your headmaster knows something I don't…" I teased. "And I'm not sure I'm comfortable with the term 'queers'."

"Poofters then."

"I don't really think that's an improvement."

I had a sinking feeling that my young guest was revealing himself as a rural backwoods red neck. Was he going to wind up the interview

by giving me a good bashing so he could boast about it to his mates down at the pub? No, I was becoming paranoid. Perhaps it had something to do with the atmosphere of Tiny Town.

"Well, you'd have to admit Kev… the theatre has more than its fair share of… queens."

"I'm sure I don't have the statistical information to hand Christian" I said rather huffily. "Perhaps you should ask your editor – do a bit a bit of a story on it."

"You gotta be joking Kev! Have you seen my editor? I'd be run out of town. But let's get back to the show. *Cabaret*. What made you choose *Cabaret?* I mean, do you think Esperance is ready for it?" He fluttered his eyelashes at me.

"I don't really know what you mean Christian. Besides, when I suggested the show the drama committee went ape."

Christian shifted uneasily in his cane chair. "I mean, this bloke, Cliff Bradley, the hero… he's a bit of a poof isn't he?"

"Bi-sexual actually. He hasn't made up his mind. He's fucking Sally Bowles the alcoholic singer at the Kit Kat Club. But at the same time both he and Sally are fucking Max the millionaire."

"See? It's hardly wholesome material for the whole family."

Was the boy simply being deliberately obtuse? I stomped off to the kitchen to get some more beers.

"Christian, you seem to be hung up on sex!" I shouted from the kitchen.

"I don't know about being hung up. Well hung for sex maybe!" There was that crackling cheeky laugh again. As I came through the door bearing the beers I could have sworn he was adjusting his genitals.

"Look, *Cabaret* is about vulnerable people. They've lived in the sleaze of the Weimer Republic but Nazi storm clouds are looming."

I was looming over the boy reporter holding out his stubby of Emu Bitter. There was no mistake. Although it was imprisoned in his jeans I could see the hard bar of his cock… I could even make out the shape of the head. No Kev, don't get your hopes up for God's sake. Boys that age crack them for no reason at all. Keep them up for hours at a time… until they can wrestle with them and choke the juice out of them in the bathroom or behind the bushes in the park. Why would Boy Wonder be interested in you Kevin? Hasn't your ego landed you in enough trouble in the past? You have a job to do, you have to sell your show and that is why this young man is sitting in your lounge room drinking your beer. There is no other reason. Still, faced with such unreachable riches I was having difficulty keeping my thoughts disciplined. Because of the thick denim I hadn't been able to tell whether the boy was cut or uncut. Well, I could hardly ask him.

To digress; the other evening I was looking over this memoir and realized that just about all the young guys already encountered are described as being uncut. Could that really have been the case or am I guilty of carrying out some sort of sub-conscious editing? Actually I have to admit that my preference is for the un-circumcised cock… but hey, I'm not rabid. I just prefer the appearance of the uncut model (as I've pointed out earlier) and let's face it, there's more to manipulate and play with. Supporters of circumcision (and they can be pretty rabid let me tell you!) will try to tell you that the cut cock is more hygienic. They conjure up all kinds of deadly microbes and filth lurking within the folds of the foreskin. Some of them even try to argue that uncut guys are far more likely to get infected with STD's or even HIV. It's not really an issue. Uncut guys (gay or straight) know that it's an easy matter to pull back the foreskin and wash the cock in the shower or the bath – or better still, get a friend to do it for you! It's easier than washing your hair, and let's face it the foreskin is a great aid for wanking. So much so that the staid Victorians promoted circumcision because of this reason. Did you know that Mr Kellogg, the guy who invented the corn flake was a passionate promoter of cutting the cock? What a flake!

As I pointed out to Mister Eyelashes, I'm no expert on these matters but from my own observations I'd say that the majority of guys in Australia these days are uncut. And certainly I've never come across an uncut boy anywhere in Asia… unless the odd American is wandering through the sauna. But this hasn't always been the case, well certainly not in Australia. An older friend of mine told me about an experience he had when attending a new primary school in Attadale, a suburb of the city of Perth. This was just a few years after the end of the Second World War. The first time he had to go into the boys' change room to get ready for swimming lessons, he took down his shorts and had a furtive look around the shed. To his horror he saw that all the other boys' dicks were very different to his. Instead of a kind of tube with an opening on the end for pissing out of all these boys had what seemed to be cute little bulbs on the ends of theirs. Before he was discovered he tried to pull up his bathers but it was already too late. One of the class bullies, a flabby boy called Jake Watson, pointed at my friend's cock and shouted: "Yuck! Bloody Rick's got something wrong with the end of his dick!"

Thereafter Rick (my friend) tried to walk around most of the time with his foreskin retracted. Alone in his bedroom at night he would examine the thin cord of the frenulum behind the head of his cock and wonder how it was that he'd been born with such a deformity. If he thought he was in danger of having to reveal himself in school change rooms he even used bits of Sellotape to keep the foreskin back in

place. Some years later he regretted this because through keeping the skin retracted and rubbing against the rough cloth of his shorts his cock head lost its glossy shininess.

In Australia many Aboriginal tribes practice circumcision. But this doesn't happen immediately after birth. During their early teenage years boys are rounded up by young adult men and elders and taken out into the bush for an initiation ritual. This can last up to a month and during it the boy passes from boyhood to manhood. They live off the land and at the beginning of the process the boy has his cock cut by older men using sharp stones. Traditionally women have been banned from these ceremonies and until fairly recent times if they even accidentally stumbled across a male initiation ceremony they would be immediately speared to death.

Even today most Aboriginal men won't talk about the initiation of boys. For many years there have been rumours that the process also involves the young boys being fucked by the older men. I've seen an old black and white photo depicting a huge tangle of Aboriginal boys and young men. There were cocks and balls everywhere. And cocks filling mouths and arse holes everywhere. But the person who showed me the picture could not produce any evidence that this was part of an initiation ceremony.

In northern parts of Australia sub-incision rather than circumcision is often used. This is a slit up the back of the cock designed to let most of the semen leak away before it enters the woman's cunt. The theory goes that it was developed over many centuries as a birth control measure for people living in desert-like circumstances.

In my memory my afternoon interview with Boy Journalist Christopher in a faraway town in a faraway time fades into a pleasant buzzing glow as we discussed theatre and sex, *Cabaret* and sex, life and sex. We had several more beers until, almost matter-of-factly Boy Wonder reached out and squeezed my clothed genitals. Now I could satisfy my curiosity. I unzipped the boy and pulled out the hard shaft. Christopher himself released his tight balls. Hallelujah! He was uncut. A fairly long and luxuriously thick foreskin. I pushed it back and checked out the gutter. The boy was scrupulously clean. As I was assessing him Christopher released my cock and examined it carefully. He gently grasped my foreskin and started to give me a slow wank. I wondered how many cocks he'd seen in his short life. And how many he'd handled.

As the afternoon waned we decided we'd be a lot more comfortable if we got rid of our clothes. We went into the bedroom and I ran my hands all over the boy's compact body. His olive skin had a wonderful sheen and his body was almost hairless except for a

lively bush around the cock. His balls were tight. By now he was wanking me more forcefully but he became upset when he lost his own erection. He tugged it and pulled it to no avail.

"Christopher, you'll do yourself an injury."

"But this has never happened to me before."

"It's just the beer. Let it go… what does Shakespeare say? Booze increases the desire but reduces the ability? Something like that."

"You won't tell anyone… that I lost it."

"Oh sure, I'm going to broadcast it all over town! Of course not… silly boy."

Shrugging, he moved towards me on the bed turning his face towards my genital region. Tenderly he took my cock in his hands, peeled back the foreskin and began to kiss and lick the head. His tongue nudged the tiny lips of my piss hole. He then started to lick the sensitive region behind the cock head… then with a thrust he took my whole length in his mouth whilst fondling and stroking my balls. My God, Boy Wonder was a highly experienced cock sucker! How could that possibly be? All too soon I felt the pressure building. Christopher sensed this and his motions became more and more urgent.

"Christopher, I'm going to cum!"

This announcement simply caused him to redouble his efforts and soon I was pumping jets of spunk into his luscious mouth. When his lips finally released my cock head he was careful to lick up every remaining drop of my cum.

As the twi-light turned lilac we lay in each other's arms.

"I'm not really gay you know Kev."

"Really? You could've fooled me."

"Yeah… I've got my eye on this chick… Judy, works in Coles."

"Well, after this afternoon, at a rough guess, I could be forgiven for thinking this is not the first time you've sucked cock."

"Nah, I have to admit I love having dick in my mouth." He laughed. "It's my little secret."

"And swallowing?"

"Not all the time… but I wanted to taste you Kev."

"And?"

"Loved it. And I want some more as soon as the tanks are re-filled." He laughed again.

"But if you don't mind me asking, where do you find cock in a place like this?"

"The ships."

"What?"

"I go down the port. We get ships from all over the world. With those sailors spending weeks at sea I get all the cock I want. I guess I'm like a one man cock-sucking welcoming committee."

"My God, they should give you a medal. An AO."

He laughed and put his dick in my hand. He was hard again. I was still curious… a beautiful boy evidently addicted to sucking cock and he reckons he's not gay? How could that be?

"Christopher, has it ever crossed your mind while you're on your knees draining some young sailor's cock that you might just be gay?"

"Nah, I'm not gay. I don't want to be like that. I want to fuck women, have kids, all that."

"Then…?"

"I reckon it's the boredom, a place like this… it's the adventure and I really get a kick out of sampling all those cocks from all over the world. It's as if I'm in touch with a whole universe."

"What a poetic motive for cock-sucking! Well, you don't think you might be bi?"

"Bi?"

"Bi-sexual."

The boy laughed. "Naw, I reckon these bi-sexual cunts are pathetic. They're the worst kind… I reckon you gotta make up your mind and stick to it."

Boy Wonder's logic escaped me.

"I reckon if I just stick to sucking cock and wanking then I'm not really gay… you know what I mean…?

"No arse…?"

"Yeah, none of that dirty arse stuff. Fucking a guy. As long as I don't do that then I reckon I'm not gay."

To console myself I took the boy's cock in my mouth and caressed the head with quick movements of my lips and tongue. All too soon he was squirting his spectacularly fresh cum against the back of my throat.

One of the young guys playing a small role in *Cabaret* had to drop out because of getting a job in another town. I took the opportunity to cast my boy journalist in his place. As well as possessing wonderful cock-sucking technique Christopher was a natural actor. Already at his age he was a great story-teller, always taking on different characters as he told jokes. I had to admit to myself that it was also very convenient, we could spend a lot of time together without alerting suspicious minds. However I thought that Boy Wonder was starting to overdo it when he turned up on my doorstep with a battered suitcase and insisted on moving in. My ancient weather-board cottage wasn't equipped with a telephone, he chortled, so he couldn't ring and ask me. Anyway, how could I refuse? How could I indeed? Christopher lived with his parents on a small farm just outside of town. He'd told his folks that he was writing a series of articles about theatre that he wanted to send to a literary journal and it would be a lot more

convenient if he stayed with the visiting *Cabaret* director for a few weeks. They seemed to buy the story, only his older brother Jordan seemed a bit hostile.

As the days passed and we were rolling closer and closer to the opening night of *Cabaret* I felt more and more foolish. Myself and Boy Wonder seemed to be falling in love. How mawkish! How sentimental! We started to leave short love poems we'd written to each other on the kitchen table.

> I looked up through the branches
> That traced themselves against the sky
> And I felt I was lost in some vast cathedral
> Until I heard your careful steps
> And felt the touch of your hand.

At the same time Christopher had not changed his stance about not being gay. No, he just liked sucking cock. I didn't make an issue of it. As long as I was wanking and sucking with perhaps the most beautiful boy I'd ever come across who was I to complain? Besides, as I think I've said somewhere else in this memoir, I don't believe in trying to pressure guys into sexual acts that they may not feel ready for. Although I ached to fuck (or be fucked by) Christopher I didn't want to make a nuisance of myself and risk losing him altogether.

Then came the day I thought I was going to lose him anyway. It was a Saturday and he seemed very nervous. I asked Christopher if he had any problems at work. He didn't respond, just looked at himself in our bedroom dressing table mirror. I touched his cheek and reached for his cock but he brushed my hand away. Then it all came blurting out. That night he had a date to go out with Judy, the girl from Coles supermarket. They would have some dinner at the Esplanade Motel… but then, and Judy had made a particular point of this, they would go for a walk along the beach.

"Well you know what that means Kev. She's up for it. We'll be fucking in the dunes. My God Kev, I'm gonna get my end in! Why else would she mention the beach? I bet she's already dripping wet just thinking about it." He touched himself as if to confirm his own hardness.

I lurched out of the bedroom. I was devastated. How did Boy Wonder who'd never been with a woman know that cunts dripped? Was it part of sex education lessons at high school? Well he'd insisted all along that he wasn't gay. Would he want to move out of the house? Would he ever suck my cock again?

That night I knew I had to get out of the house so I bought a carton of beer and invited myself over to Pattie Roe's place… she was

the girl who was playing Sally Bowles in *Cabaret*. She had a dark, gravelly laugh and if anyone could distract me from my misery Pattie could. I couldn't bring myself to stay alone in the cottage with my mind being invaded by images of Christopher inserting his beautiful cock into the folds of a cunt.

After a few too many beers and ancient theatrical anecdotes I rolled home to the cottage and went to bed. Christopher had not come home. I wondered if he'd spilled himself inside Judy from Coles yet. Then I thought I was being pathetic. I'd been given due warning. He was not a gay boy.

I was in the middle of a nightmare that creeps up on me with sinister regularity. I'm an actor in a play. It's the opening night and I step on stage and then I realize to my horror that I've somehow forgotten to learn the lines. I start making up gibberish, hoping to bluff my way through when… I wake up.

The bedroom light snapped on. I was still half asleep. Where was I? Was I still in the play? Then I saw that there was a figure standing at the end of the bed. It was Christopher. He was only wearing a shirt which hung open. His cock was erect and he was slowly manipulating the foreskin over the head. Was I still dreaming?

"Where's that fuckin' Intensive Care of yours?"

It suddenly flashed through my mind that things couldn't have worked out very well with Judy of the Dunes. I fumbled for my lube and gave it to the boy. He climbed into the bed.

"How do you usually… I mean, what's the best position?" mumbled the boy.

I quickly got onto my hands and knees and opened the cheeks of my arse. I felt Christopher gently touching my hole. "You want some lube… inside?"

"Yeah, just one finger. I'm pretty tight."

He laughed. I heard a squirting sound and then I felt him pushing some Intensive Care into my opening.

"Hope this isn't gonna hurt."

I felt the head of his cock invading my opening. There was a momentary spasm of pain which faded and blurred into pleasure as I felt my muscles beginning to welcome the boy's cock. Then he slowly pushed his shaft in right up to the hilt.

"Aw, fuck!"

"What's wrong Christopher? Tell me if—"

"You should've said – You should've told me it would feel so great!"

"Well, I have been dropping the odd hint—"

"Wow!"

Now he was thrusting wildly and at the same time his hand

reached round so he could wank my cock vigorously.

From that moment for the next few hours we fucked all over the cottage and out in the garden. With a kind of joyous hilarity we adopted every position we could think of. At six o'clock in the morning we were still going. It seemed as if Christian's cock had taken on a life of its own and it couldn't get enough of my now loosening arse. We were back in the bed, I was sitting astride Christopher, we were face to face and he had his cock rammed up my arse. He was wanking me at the same time and at last I came and splashed all over his chest. I suddenly remembered that it was Sunday morning and in a few short hours we were due at the theatre for a run through of *Cabaret.*

We'd been fucking non-stop for five hours and my arse felt as open as the road tunnel that goes under Sydney Harbour. I'd read stories about guys who had been fucked so much they could hardly walk. I'd thought it was just typical queeny exaggeration. Now I knew the truth.

Christopher was walking towards the Bijou with me. "I guess I must be gay after all" he whispered out of the corner of his mouth. Then he chortled his cheeky spikey boyish laugh.

I let my mind ripple through time like a flashback (or flash forward?) in an old black and white movie. Now I had my Burmese boy's seven and a half inch cock gliding up my arse in the Corus Hotel. We changed position several times, sometimes I was flat on my stomach, then with my legs in the air, then lying on my side… this went on for at least two hours. Then I asked Adrian to sit on the end of the bed. I carefully sat on his cock, let it glide up and down, then I started to bounce up and down. The boy's cock was whooshing up and down my passage. And I was getting great exercise, building up the muscles in my legs. Who needed to go to the gym? A win-win situation!

"You think we should try fucking standing up Adrian?"

"Of course Godfather!"

With that we were fucking all over the room… with me at times lifting my leg and resting it on a chair so the boy could get greater access. After an hour of this Adrian gave me a big grin.

"I'd like to see you cum Godfather."

We both knelt on the bed and I started wanking my medium sized cock. The boy held my balls with one hand whilst he inserted the index finger of the other up my arse. I was on the brink!

"Take over please Godson!"

He pulled at my foreskin vigorously and I could hold back no longer. I was splashing cum all over his chest and face. I've always found that I can squirt a lot more if I have "helping hands" as it were.

After this my Godson pushed his cock up my now causeway-like hole and started fucking again. After a while he shouted:

"I'm coming Godfather! You want it in your arse or in your mouth?"

"Mouth!"

I was just in time. I twisted my body round so that Adrian could shove his cock into my mouth just as he started spurting.

Feeling satisfied and perhaps a little deflated Adrian and I enjoyed a few more Tiger beers from the fridge. After a while I gathered that the boy wanted to sleep over. It was too late for him to go back to the flat he shared with his sister. This was fine with me.

The beer was starting to have its effect. What am I doing? Here was I in a foreign, exotic city about to sleep with a young man I hardly knew. Hardly knew? Well, maybe that was a bit of an exaggeration. We'd been fucking for several hours after all. But I started to get flustered. What if I lost my wallet, my credit cards? My passport. I started to fuss around while more and more Tigers were downed. Clumsily I hid my wallet and precious passport in my pillow slip.

The following morning Adrian and I went down to breakfast… with plenty of "Whoops!" reactions along the way. In the restaurant there was a delicious mix of British-style and Asian dishes. I was scooping up my scrambled egg when I noticed that one of Adrian's eyes was terribly bloodshot. I was curious. We'd only been drinking beer, not spirits and I was sure the boy wasn't on drugs. And it was only one eye!

"Darling, your eye. It's terribly bloodshot."

"It's all your fault Godfather."

"My fault?"

"I caught a jet of your cum in this eye."

His laughter peeled out over the restaurant and there was the tinkling of glassware.

CHAPTER FIVE: Mainly About Balls

Visited Steamworks in Perth the other month. This is now the only gay sauna operating in the city. It's one of the few saunas in Australia where you can actually buy a beer or a glass of wine in the cafe-bar. Steamworks has a fairly large jacuzzi, one sizeable wet sauna and a much smaller dry sauna. This is adjacent to the communal showers and it has a window in the door so, if the desire takes you, you can observe guys at their ablutions. The sauna also has a very dark maze with several passages leading into play areas and two or three glory holes – more about these later. Elsewhere in Steamworks there are many rooms, most are free but a few are hired out for an extra fee and they contain features such comfortable double beds and monitors showing porn. A couple of the rooms have slings, but it's usually older guys with guts that would put pregnant women to shame that lie in contraptions, spreading their legs and offering their arses to all comers. I tend to by-pass these sling areas. Talking about offering arses, in the maze area there is a room where, on busy days, one or two younger guys usually kneel on a bench and stick their spread arses in the air, offering their holes to all comers. Sometimes there's a queue of boys patiently waiting their turn, gently wanking their cocks to keep them hard. Obviously if you are going to join the queue it's wise to grab a condom from the dispenser.

One of the rooms has walls that are completely covered in mirrors which, depending on the guys being reflected, can be extremely erotic. Gay porn is shown on monitors throughout the complex as well as conventional television. Condoms and lube dispensers are freely available in every room and maze area.

Steamworks is one of those saunas that never really changes. Unlike Asian gay saunas there are no regular theme nights, such as Nude Night, G-String Night, or cock measuring sessions to gain admittance like one place I came across in Hong Kong. Occasionally they'll have a Young Guy Concession Night, but that's it, so it can get a bit boring after a while. However it's not a problem if you are travelling through Perth and are only likely to visit on a few occasions. The staff in the bar and in reception are usually friendly and helpful however there is one sour senior citizen on the staff who can have a bit of an Attitude. All in all Steamworks can be recommended.

Getting back to my most recent visit – after showering I went into the small dry sauna. There was one young guy already in there and from his tanned-all-over body you could tell that he was a beach or pool devotee. Mr Tanned was sitting on a bench slowly pulling his

uncut cock. I sat next to him. After watching him at work for a while I decided to find out if he wanted a hand. I gently touched his thigh. He flashed me a big smile and said "That's OK but I'm looking after myself at the moment. But thanks for the offer." I watched him continue with his stroking. After a while he looked at me and said: "You can hold my balls if you want." I did want so I took them in my hand. They were in low-hanging mode and I found this interesting. I was able to gently roll them around. My Burmese boyfriend has very tight balls usually which have a very cute appearance but obviously you can't manipulate them as much. Mr Tanned appeared to be enjoying my grasp. After a while he murmured: "You can wank me now if you want." I took his rather large and fairly thick cock in hand. "Just do it slowly. I just want to be wanked at the moment, I don't want to be sucked." So I sat there in the dry sauna pulling Mr Tanned's uncut cock for the next twenty minutes or so. I especially appreciated the thick foreskin and wondered what it would be like to stick my tongue through the lips. Finally Mr Tanned said: "Gotta have a rest – I want to hold out until much nearer closing time but thanks for the help anyway."

This incident made me recall another visit I had to Steamworks involving ball holding. I'd been wandering around wearing my towel wondering about prospects when I went into one of the rooms. There was a television monitor high on the wall depicting some boys having a circle wank. On a mattress on the floor of the room a young boy was avidly watching the porn whilst energetically wanking his uncut cock. When I say young, he was a very slim boy, obviously on the verge of being "just-legal." I squatted next to him on the mattress but he didn't acknowledge my presence – he was completely caught up in wanking; his own and the circle wank on the video. I sensed that he was quite happy with his own hand so I took his fairly loose balls in mine and gently rolled them and squeezed them. Still, the boy had his eyes glued to the video monitor. There was not a flicker of recognition that a perfect stranger was holding his balls. Eventually however nature intervened, the head of his cock bulged, his hips bucked and I took his cock in my hand. Silently he came all over my own cock and balls. All of this occurred in perfect silence, we hadn't exchanged a word.

On the same occasion at Steamworks I nearly ran into an Asian young man who was severely physically handicapped – "physically challenged" as the politically correct would put it. The young Oriental's left arm was severely twisted and his back was hunched. I thought he might have been a Thalidomide victim. He had to use a walking stick and he shuffled sideways like a crab. I noticed that he had a cute thick cock. I thought of reaching out and tugging it. Maybe I would suggest we could go into a dark corner so I could suck it.

However I held back. The boy had rather a severe, angry look. How would he react to my approach? Would he accuse me of being patronizing? Or even worse – pitying? Well, I never found out – I was too much of a coward and he went scuttling off into the nether regions of Steamworks. Well, if the Chinese guy with the walking stick was around next time I visited the sauna I promised myself I really would reach out…

CHAPTER SIX: Belonging

I was back at my friend Chen's place. It was early evening and we were sitting out on his balcony overlooking Lake Sinister and enjoying a Tiger beer. Chen was grilling me about my adventures with Adrian. As I've said, for a straight guy he certainly had a lot of curiosity about gay sex.

"So after about two and a half hours I suggested to young Adrian that we should maybe take a break."

"Two and a half hours? And he was going all that time" He gave a low whistle and sipped at his can.

"Yeah, well we went and got something to eat. Then later on, back at the hotel, he couldn't wait to shove it up me again and he went for another two hours."

"Another two hours and he was fucking you all the time? I don't believe you." He crushed his Tiger can.

"I told you Chen, he's the best little fucker I've ever come across."

"You're telling me he could go at it for nearly five hours? Nah, you're making it up."

"Believe what you want. Why should I care? I'm just the lucky guy who was on the receiving end."

"Where did you say you met your boy again?"

"You know where. At the sauna."

"Yeah, I suppose that's one advantage of being gay. You just need to walk into one of those places and you're surrounded by sex."

"You seem so curious Chen. Maybe next time Adrian and I go to Day Thermos we should take you along."

"Nah, I don't think so Kev. All those boys would just take one look at me and you wouldn't get a look in Baby."

My friend was never one to sell his beauty short.

"They wouldn't let you in anyway Chen. They have these very accurate straight detectors in reception."

Chen touched himself and for a mad moment I thought he was going to show me his cock. But no such luck. Anyway, perhaps I would have looked the other way. I had my Burmese boy to think about. My Burmese boy? Was I considering becoming monogamous? My God, I'd always thought the big M was for everybody else. I was a big believer in Boys Galore, Boys Gaylore, Boys Unlimited, Boys Incorporated as I think this memoir will attest to. Really, what would I do if Chen suddenly dropped his pants and revealed what I'm sure would be a golden, heavenly vision? Would I really be faithful and look the other way? Probably not. But this feeling of belonging was definitely growing on me.

Chen had fished two more Tigers out of the bar fridge and plonked them on the table. He gave me a piercing look…

"You know Kev, you make me feel jealous."

"Jeeze Chen, I didn't know you felt that way about me."

He laughed heartily and I could've sworn the peels made ripples on the surface of the dark lake far below.

"You know that's not… No, what I mean is, here you are, you've been in KL for a couple of weeks and already you've scored this boyfriend. I haven't had a woman in over three months. Tell me some more. What did it feel like when the head of his cock went inside you…?"

I started to feel slightly uneasy. Was I betraying my Burmese boy by reporting all this to my friend, my soul partner? Nah, not really. Adrian would probably be chuffed. He'd been really impressed when I told him that Chen was my mate and that I often stayed out at his place by the lake. He'd done one of his cute double takes.

Wow! Chen… he's a really big star." Then he looked at me narrowly. "You sure he isn't gay Godfather?"

"Not a chance m'boy!"

Now on Chen's rooftop I suddenly felt the urge to talk to my boy. I pulled out my mobile and found his number.

"Hi Adrian, you want to meet up at the Corus next Wednesday?"

"Of course Godfather."

His voice was cold. It was the first time I'd heard that kind of tone from Adrian. Usually his words were wrapped in subdued laughter.

"Anything wrong Adrian?"

"I'll meet you at the hotel. But I won't be able to sleep over."

"Why, what's wrong Adrian? Is it your sister?"

"You hurt me very much the other night godfather."

"Adrian—"

"The way you were hiding your wallet, your passport… you made me feel dirty. Like a thief."

"My God, I'm so sorry Godson, I wouldn't… I was drunk and a bit confused. And it's a habit of mine when I'm travelling."

"You think that would make a difference? You didn't even notice that I slid your wallet out of the pillow case and put it on the bedside table."

"Why—?"

"I just wanted to make a point. You need someone to look after you Godfather."

"Maybe. Anyway, I reckon you should be complimented by my stupid behaviour."

"I should—?"

"As I sat there in the hotel filling myself up with Tiger and feeling

a breeze whip up my arse that I reckoned could now have accommodated a passenger train I was thinking… why would such an ultra-cute Burmese boy be interested in a clapped out older guy like me?"

"Oh Godfather…"

His tinkling laugh made the phone vibrate and I could imagine him giving a "Whoops!" and a big double take on the other end.

"See you at the Corus Godson?"

"See you at the Corus Godfather."

Chen was looking at me closely. I'd forgotten he was there, sitting on the other side of the table.

"I've never seen you like this before Kevin. I think you're falling in love."

CHAPTER SEVEN: Hong Kong

I am always filled with a sense of excitement when I'm flying into a great Asian city perhaps in the late afternoon or early evening. The almost unimaginable energy. The mingling multitudes, the colour, the light, the amazing and sometimes life-changing experiences that may be lurking around the next corner. Singapore, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, Shanghai, Hong Kong… actually Honkers, as we say in Australia, is one of my favourite cities on the planet. As an apolitical traveller I haven't noticed a great deal of change to the city since the Chinese took over from the British. Except that the atmosphere at the new International Airport seems rather grim. Wouldn't hurt to give us a bit of a smile guys!

However I must say I was somewhat surprised on a recent visit to Hong Kong. When I'm there I always try to make time to go on the Blue Star Ferry. I love sailing from Kowloon across the great harbour and at half a dollar or so it must be the greatest tourist bargain in the world. Anyway while I was at the Kowloon ferry terminal I noticed these prominent posters protesting against the alleged harvesting of body parts from living criminals and dissidents in great factories on mainland China. The posters even identified the executives running these places, calling for them to be brought to justice.

Of course whenever I'm in Hong Kong I also make time to visit the gay saunas. There is a big variety of these in the city and several of them can be great fun. There's the Big Top Gym and Sauna. On Friday nights they have their Big Cock Competition. If you are Asian and you can present an organ that is at least 15 cm in length and 13 cm in circumference you can get in for free! The same if you are non-Asian and possess a cock that is at least 18 cm by 15 cm. Did I hear someone growl "discrimination?" Come on, it's all in the fun. I reckon that the receptionist who has to do all the viewing and measuring must have one of the best jobs on the planet!

Actually its been the "received wisdom" for decades that the average cock size is six inches erect (I'm more comfortable with inches than centimetres). This belief originated from the Kinsey Report which was the first comprehensive study of homosexuality. It was carried out in the United States in the nineteen fifties. However there was one big flaw. The researches allowed the men taking part in the study to go into a small room, stimulate themselves and measure their cocks in private! Now we all know, don't we guys, that males will usually lie about their cocks? A much more recent study has revealed the truth. This time researchers measured the guys' cocks for them and recorded the results. They revealed that five inches erect is much closer to the

truth.

Also in Kowloon there is the ABC sauna, just off Kowloon Road. It's a small sauna but the facilities are first rate. Most of the customers are young Chinese guys in their late teens or early twenties. Many of them are very pretty and some of them spend an inordinate time in front of mirrors putting on make-up and mascara. They are usually only interested in each other.

Again off Kowloon Road there used to be a sauna that had a "fully nude" policy. However most of the Chinese boys would walk around with their hands demurely concealing their genitals which kind of defeated the point. Perhaps this is why it had to close down. Actually anywhere in the world you can often pick a Chinese boy who is from Honkers because of this genital shyness. It's not the same on mainland China where the boys are keen on showing off what they've got.

My all-time favourite sauna in Hong Kong has got to be Galaxy which is on Kowloon Road just across from the Sheraton Hotel. The exterior is not prepossessing and then there is the extremely ancient elevator that must have been installed in the early days of the twentieth century. As it grinds and shudders I often wonder what would happen if it broke down altogether?

I made my first visit to Galaxy on a Saturday afternoon. After putting my clothes in my locker and collecting my towel I went for a wander. Soon I found myself in a large room where many older guys were singing along to Chinese opera. A couple of them laughed and pointed me in the opposite direction. Obviously they had sussed I wasn't there for the opera!

I wandered through an archway into a large darkened area which seemed to be chock-a-block with boys and young men. I wondered if I'd come to the right place. Very probably no one would be interested in me. However I was soon proved wrong by hands touching and groping me all over. Soon I was embraced by a short boy who reached for my balls beneath my towel. Then taking me by the cock he led me into a small room. He switched on a light and I was surprised to see that it was already occupied. A very large Chinese chub was lying seemingly unconscious on a bench. The boy sat on the edge of the bench and indicated to me that he wanted me to sit on his prodding cock which I was pleased to do. As I was bouncing up and down the chub woke up and became an interested audience. After the boy came I went prowling in the dark again. Soon I collided with a Chinese boy who was in his late teens or early twenties. I later discovered his name was Eric. He whisked me into a room and soon we were cock sucking in the sixty-nine position. Eric was slim and quite tall. This is the case with many Hong Kong boys. I put it down to superior nutrition which would have been inherited from the British era.

Eric then invited me to fuck him. I didn't hesitate because I had regained a raging hard on. I got him to lie on his back and I raised his legs so I could inspect his hole. Like just about every other Chinese boy I've even been with it seemed clinically clean. I was also sure it would have a delicate oriental taste. Was I being racist? No, just a mad Chinese enthusiast. Anyway, I took his tight balls in one hand and with the index finger of the other I started to explore the hairless magic cave. I pushed my finger up to the first knuckle and Eric gave a soft groan of pleasure. I usually find that Chinese boys only want you to give them one finger. They are usually pretty tight. On this occasion I decided to try two fingers. He was a big boy after all. After I'd finger-fucked Eric for a while I started to introduce the other finger. The boy looked at me in surprise and then gave me a big smile and a bit of a friendly squeeze with his arse muscles. I then took the boy's balls in my mouth and swirled my tongue around them. After a while I was ready for the probe. I pulled his legs further over my shoulders and touched the opening with the tip of my tongue. There it was! The delicate taste redolent of fragrances borne by the wind over South China Seas. I tried to fill the delicious cavity with my tongue and the boy squirmed with pleasure

I retracted my foreskin and inserted the head of my cock in the boy's arse hole. He groaned again and pushed himself against me and I went gliding deep inside his body. We set up a compatible rhythm, pretty soon I felt the insane, indescribable pressure building in my tubes.

"Eric, I'm gonna cum! You want it in your face?"

"No Mr Kevin, inside. I want your seed inside me."

That was sufficient to push me over the edge and I blew myself into the boy's arse.

I took the boy in my arms and we lay together with my now limp cock still inside him. I learned that Eric was a student still living with his family.

"When are you coming back to Hong Kong Mr Kevin? I want to be with you. I love your touch. I want to be your friend. Perhaps one day we can go to Australia together."

I was somewhat taken aback. It was all a bit sudden. But getting into the spirit of the conversation and perhaps being drawn in to an image of some kind of a rosy future with a handsome Hong Kong boy, I started to reciprocate.

"I'd like nothing better Eric. Maybe I can be back here in a few weeks. You could come and stay with me at my hotel…"

"Oh, I would love that Mr Kevin… however I must go, my mother will be expecting me."

Later when I was in the rooftop bar of the Sheraton Kowloon

Hotel just across the road looking across the harbour I pondered my conversation with Eric. I'd only just met the boy for a quick bout of sex at the Galaxy. What was all this talk of an ongoing romance? Was it a kind of fantasy? I didn't even have Eric's phone number – he'd hurried off before I could ask. I put it down to an unusual experience.

The following day was Sunday and I headed off to Galaxy again. As I walked along Kowloon Road I pondered – surely my encounter with Eric was a "one off?" I'd had a lucky encounter, that's all. Today I'd probably be ignored by the young guys and spend all my time singing Chinese Opera!

This time, going up in the ancient elevator, I found myself alone with a very cute Chinese young guy. He had the most luscious lips and I wasn't so worried about the jolting of the elevator. If it jammed and ground to halt I knew how I would be spending my time until rescued! As the door opened the young guy turned and cheekily gave my package a squeeze. A good start.

Again in the dark I felt probing hands. Very soon I was in a small room (no chub audience this time) in the arms of a beautiful young Chinese guy called Paul. Again he was fine-boned and tall and brimming over with good health. Bless that British heritage. As he cuddled me and wanked my cock Paul suggested that we could meet up later. Perhaps he could come back to my hotel tonight? Where was I saying? We could have dinner and we could spend the whole night fucking. Paul would be my friend for ever, he would be my Hong Kong boy and maybe one day…? He said he would leave his phone number at my locker. This was all sounding rather familiar.

Paul was such a glorious fuck that I really wasn't interested in anyone else so I went through and listened to the Chinese opera before having a shower. Then I went to my locker, looking forward to getting Paul's phone number. When I arrived I looked at the rows and rows of lockers. How was the boy supposed to leave a number outside my locker? I turned around and saw Paul standing at the bar. He looked right through me as if we'd never met let alone fucked. I started to consider that with both Eric and Paul I'd been taking part in some sort of Hong Kong gay fantasy. It is their way of conjuring up a kind of relationship while in fact they are having sex with a complete stranger.

CHAPTER EIGHT: First Time

Of course, whether we are gay or straight we all have a "first-time" unless we are out-and-out virgins. It's a monumental step for all and I've sometimes wondered if it is not even more so for gay boys. There are often issues crowding around. Does the boy know that he's gay before it happens? Is he really straight but just experimenting? Is this a 'phase' that he will grow out of? Is he bi? Will he ever be able to go with girls? Will he ever want to go with girls? And of course there are the other issues – "Will I have to come out? Who will I come out to? Will I keep it a secret in case it's a passing phase? Will the other boy tell? My God, will the story go round my school?"

Then of course, there are the young boys who don't really have a choice about their "first time." Perhaps they are wards of the state and living in orphanages… prey to the groping hands and raping cocks of disgusting "brothers", priests and social workers. With all of the judicial enquiries and Royal Commissions at the moment looking into the activities of these creeps and the way in which many of their churches and charities chose to cover up their activities – it's a wonder that they are not deemed to be criminal organizations.

My first time came when I certainly wasn't expecting it. I think I've mentioned before in these memoirs that I grew up in a very isolated city. When I was in my early teens I'd never heard of homosexuality let alone 'gay' sex. My friends and I had it dinned into us at school and the Boys Scouts that it was filthy and indecent to even think of touching girls. I'd only recently discovered wanking.

Anyway one morning I was strolling through the suburb of Applecross with my best friend Jason. He came from an Anglo-Indian family and had thick, black swept-back hair in the fashion of the time. I suppose you would say that he was incredibly handsome although I hadn't yet reached the age where I thought about such distinctions. Jason came from a wealthier family than mine. He went to a private school on the other side of the river whilst I attended the local high school. We lived around the corner from each other and of course, we belonged to the same Boy Scout troop. Jason's dad worked in insurance and after hours he had a second career – singing and playing guitar and presenting his "Rock Around the Clock" act in pubs. In this respect Jason was taking after his father and loved to replicate the soppier ballads of Elvis Presley. This made him incredibly popular at parties.

It was a Saturday morning so we weren't wearing our school uniforms, just shorts and tee shirts. We were passing the Boy Scout hall. He looked at the adjoining toilet block and said he wanted to

take a leak. I was feeling a bit of a twinge myself so I said I'd go along with him. We went into the male toilet, stood next to each other at the stainless steel urinal and started pissing. I couldn't help myself – I looked down and was surprised to see that his very dark cock was hard. It jutted like a pole out of his flies as he hosed the steel. I couldn't help myself, my own cock started to pulse and rise. Of course Jason was aware of this – he reached over and took hold of my cock with his left hand. I was amazed. It was the first time anyone else had ever touched my cock. As he squeezed my foreskin and started to wank he took my right hand and placed it on his own cock. Of course I started to reciprocate. I delighted in pulling his skin forward so that the head disappeared and then jerking it back. I discovered during my first time that it definitely feels a lot sexier if you have someone else to wank your cock for you.

I felt the pressure building. Jason seemed to sense this and his stroking became more vigorous. There was no holding back and I splashed great dollops of cum into the urinal. This was incredible. I'd shot more spunk than ever before. Was this because I had a friend wanking my cock for me I wondered? Jason seemed to admire the jets and even after the last drops he continued to wank my skin furiously. I had to gently remove his hand because my organ was sensitive and it suddenly felt very fragile. However Jason was still as hard as a pole so I kept on wanking his cock. Although I now felt satisfied and the urge had gone I somehow knew that it would be very bad mannered of me if I stopped wanking my friend before he'd blown his load.

Soon enough he was squirting his spurts of cum. I shook the end of Jason's cock for him and he hastily started to stow it away in his shorts. We both looked around. What would we have done if someone, an older guy had walked into the dunny while we were in the middle of our wank? Well, you don't think of such things in the heat of the moment.

We hadn't uttered a word during the whole incident. Jason looked at me and I knew that our first time certainly wouldn't be our last.

After that most weekends we would find ourselves walking past the toilet block and of course within moments we were tugging on each other's weapons. After the first few times I also released Jason's balls from his shorts so I could play with them and he did the same to me. Incredibly, over weeks of wanking we were never interrupted.

Eventually we became more adventurous and rode our bikes out into the country side. Here in a thicket, or in the middle of a field we felt secure enough to take off all of our clothes so we could admire each other.

Looking back over the years I can still see Jason grinning and

looking down at himself and saying:

"Very big cock."

It was an inch bigger than my own pale cock but I was chuffed when he told me he loved the look of it. We never graduated to anything like cock sucking or arse playing but we became fairly virtuosic at wanking – changing rhythm regularly, fingering the inside of the foreskin, stroking the ultra-sensitive region behind the head, gently squeezing the balls. I especially loved it when Jason would wrap one hand around the base of my cock and firmly wank the foreskin with the other until it seemed as if I would blow to the heavens.

Our wanking came to a stop very suddenly. We were at an open air party in the backyard of a school friend. Jason was doing his usual Elvis impersonations and there were girls clustered around him. When he finished 'Heart Break Hotel' I went over to him and whispered in his ear: "Jason, I'm randy, I need to wank. We can go in the bush just across the road."

He shoved me away: "Kev, I'm giving all that up. I've got a girlfriend, Karen."

With that he turned and kissed one of the clustering girls on the lips. I was devastated. It was my first big loss.

Of course I was still doing a fair amount of solo wanking when I couldn't be with Jason and I guessed I'd be able to find another friend to do it with. But my heart wasn't really in it.

Time passed until a few weeks later I went round to a friend's place to help him with his homework. John was in the year below me at high school and he needed a hand with his English composition. We were working in the kitchen of his house, his parents were out and we were nearing the end of the necessary five pages. He was wearing a white tee shirt and faded blue jeans. They weren't faded because of fashion, but through washing. His folks were fairly poor and they lived in a state house.

As John was putting his books away in his school bag he looked at me as if he was sizing me up. Then I could have sworn he looked at the bulge in my shorts.

"Kev, why don't we go over the pine forest for a bit of a wank? Have you ever done it with another guy?"

"Well—"

"I reckon it's a lot more fun…. doing it with someone else. When I'm on my own, after I cum sometimes, I feel pretty bad, as if I should feel guilty you know? But if I'm with another boy it feels all right. I've done it a few times with Brian but he's gone to Melbourne with his folks."

I could feel myself hardening and I knew I would go with John to

the pine forest. Besides, I already felt I knew what it took to invite another boy to go wanking. How embarrassing and hurtful it would be if you got a knock back! This would be my first shared time since Jason and I was curious to see how it would go.

In the pine forest the trees were already throwing dark shadows. I stepped out of my shorts and John slid out of his jeans. For a moment we stood examining each other. From his expression he seemed to approve of what jutted out from between my legs and I thought he had the most beautiful cock I'd seen up to that point. Well, I'd really only seen Jason's in close up and that was pretty spectacular. Apart from that the only other cocks I'd seen were caught in fleeting glimpses in the change rooms at school. John's cock had a kind of golden colour and it almost seemed to glow. The foreskin seemed short, cute and neat and the head was beautifully shaped. A prominent vein ran along the centre of his shaft which I guessed to be six inches long and his balls seemed tight and full. At the base of his cock he already had a fairly luxuriant black bush.

To my surprise John started to wank his own cock whilst he stared at mine. Although we were standing close together he made no attempt to wank my cock. Was this how he did it with Brian? I was slightly disappointed but I didn't want to touch him there if he wasn't into that. Besides just looking at him pulling his own glorious cock was sufficient to make me cum and pretty soon I gushed a heavy load on the pine needles.

"Gee, that was terrific Kev!" John laughed. "I reckon you've been storing that up for a while. Isn't that a great feeling? It's kinda impossible to describe."

John kept on wanking whilst I shook the last of the drops off my cock. "I don't know Kev, I'm pretty envious of you… having that feeling. I'm not getting anything yet. I don't know if I'm going to be able to cum at all today."

Now this took me by surprise. I'd never heard of any boy who started to wank but wasn't actually able to cum. Well, I thought maybe I'd be able to help him out. I'd take the bull by the horn as it were. I took one step closer and took his pretty cock in my hand. He darted me a surprised look but when I started to tug a huge grin spread across his face. Soon enough he was spurting his spunk all over my own deflated cock and balls.

John and I never wanked together again. We were in different years at school and we didn't really move in the same circles. One day after my Science period I was surprised when a boy called Helmut asked me if I wanted to walk home with him. In those days before greedy developers over-built our suburb we could virtually walk home through bush tracks. Along the way, especially if it was early in the

morning, we might see brumbies (wild horses) or the odd kangaroo. I was surprised when Helmut asked me to walk with him because although we were in the same class we'd barely exchanged two words. I had the impression that he didn't really like me. He came from a German family and although he looked stern and even angry some of the time, he occasionally broke into a wide, wicked grin. In some circles he was called 'Helmut the Helmet' and I thought I could guess at the reason why. He had a reputation for doing a lot of wanking with some of his friends and he didn't seem to care who knew. I guess that these stories only made the girls (ours was a co-ed school) keener and some of them tried to desperately flirt with him in the corridors and playgrounds. The harder the girls tried the less interested Helmut the Helmet seemed. Of course as we set out on our walk home through the bush my heart was beating in anticipation. Would I get to see Helmut's already legendary cock and maybe even hold it in my hand? I cursed under my breath when Tony, a younger boy, chased after us.

"Can I walk home with you blokes?"

"Of course you can m'boy" growled Helmut. Sometimes he could look and sound like an old man, someone around twenty five. He seemed to have the kind of authority you wouldn't want to argue with and my heart sank. Because Tony was in a year below us at school I felt that Helmut wouldn't want to do any wanking today. Perhaps I'd been a bit stupid daring to expect it anyway. Probably Helmut had simply wanted some company for the long walk home.

We eventually came to edge of some swampland which for some reason was called "Bitter Pools." Helmut put down his back pack, opened it and pulled out a white towel. This was the summer term and on Wednesdays we were bussed down to the river for swimming lessons.

"I feel like going for a swim" said Helmut. "What about you guys?"

"Sure!" I said, trying to repress my excitement. I was already pulling my towel out of my school bag. Then it was almost as if my heart skipped a beat. Helmut was pulling his bathers out of his back pack. However he looked at them and then draped them on a bush to dry because they were still damp from the lesson.

"No need for these. We're all boys together, eh?"

Helmut and I quickly peeled off our shirts and shorts and even although he was only at half-mast I could see why he was called Helmut the Helmet. His cock had the biggest head I'd ever seen. It bulged out through the lips of a thick foreskin.

Now Helmut was looking at the younger boy. "What about you Tony?"

Tony shook his head: “Nah, my mum would be able to tell if I’d taken my clothes off in the bush and then she’d whip me. I’ll just watch you blokes.”

Helmut and I gingerly stepped into the biggest pool. Horse flies were buzzing and brilliant butterflies cascaded through the greenish light of the swamp. Talking about swimming was probably being rather ambitious because the pool was only about two feet deep. Anyway, we splashed around a bit and all too soon we were back on shore feeling refreshed if not altogether very clean because of the muddy water. My cock was fully erect and I didn’t try to conceal it. In fact I was rather proud of it and I thought that Helmut was checking it out. Even young Tony stepped forward so he could have a closer look.

Now Helmut moved towards me and put his still half-mast cock in my hand.

“Feel that. You can pull the skin right over the head, let go and it will slide slowly back.” He looked at me. “You reckon I’ve got too much?”

“What?”

“Skin ya dork!” He laughed and started to pull my cock. Tony was watching avidly.

“No, no!” I stuttered. “It’s just perfect.”

“Well I can hardly go to the barber and ask him to shave a bit off can I?’ he laughed.

By now his cock was fully erect and I could have sworn that the head was getting even bigger. It was massive. By now I’d heard that at Army Cadets some of the older boys shoved their cocks up each other’s bums. It was said that it might be OK to do this if there were no girls around. I wondered if Helmut would ever be able to get his huge helmet inside my opening. I shuddered.

By now we were wanking each other enthusiastically. Tony had moved even closer so he could get an eyeful. I could see that he now had a tent like shape jutting out the front of his shorts and I felt sorry for him. But then I was also enjoying the luxury of having such a huge amount of loose, thick skin in my hand. In fact Helmut had become so big that I was now able to use two hands.

Helmut reached out towards the younger boy. “Just take your dick out of your shorts and your mum will never know.” But Tony shook his head and stepped back out of reach.

Helmut and I came almost simultaneously and we squirted our white jets over each other’s cocks.

All through the summer Helmut and I wanked on Wednesdays in the swampland and Tony tagged along to watch. To add variety Helmut and I started to masturbate (I’d just discovered that word in my dad’s dictionary) above and below the surface of the pond. For the

first time I came under water and it felt incredible. Although I was still missing Jason I was very proud that I had such a magnificent cock to tug on.

At last autumn fell but we were still wanking on most Wednesdays. However one week I was walking home along the bushtrack without Helmut, but young Tony was still tagging along. Helmut had been away from school for a few days and his mum had sent in a note to say he had asthma. One of the bullies put it about that he was actually suffering from chronic wanking.

Anyway, on this Wednesday in autumn it was still stifling hot so I decided to cool down at Bitter Pools anyway. I took my clothes off and stepped into the gloriously cool water. This place had a bad reputation. It was said that huge leeches would attach themselves to your legs and drain all of the blood out of you. Well we never had any trouble. Maybe the leeches were not attracted by the flavour of our particular blood types. After I'd sloshed about a bit I stepped out of the pool. Even although Helmut was absent I still had a raging hard on and I noticed that Tony couldn't take his eyes off it. I was drying myself with my towel when the boy moved towards me. He took my cock in his hand and started to wank it. He was pretty expert and had obviously learned a great deal from watching Helmut. I was astonished… it felt so sexy, so exciting, me standing naked in the bush being pulled off by a boy dressed in his school uniform complete with tie! I would have to recommend it to Helmut. When my head started to bulge and I felt the intense pressure building I turned slightly so that my cock was pointing away from the boy. If he'd gone home with his uniform splashed with cum his mother would have had a heart attack.

CHAPTER NINE: A Postscript

TEXT MESSAGE: “I miss you godfather. I need you in KL.”

TEXT MESSAGE: “I miss your ass godfather, your loving godson and refugee boy.”

TEXT MESSAGE: “Where are you Godfather?”

TEXT MESSAGE: “I want your male pussy Godfather. Luv and kisses, your godson.”

The text messages were becoming more and more frequent. I knew I had to return to Kuala Lumpur.

I soon found myself flying in to Kl early in the evening. Chen my young Chinese friend was waiting for me at the airport. I’d arranged to go out to Puchong and stay with him in his town house overlooking Lake Sinister. Of course I was desperate to see my Burmese boy again but Adrian was tied up for a couple of days working on his rather mysterious business. I wondered; I’m considering spending the rest of my life with my cute godson and I still don’t know what these “commissions” are all about? Anyway, we were to meet up in a couple of days at the Corus Hotel and I couldn’t wait. Also, Chen wanted my help with a movie treatment he was working on. An insane action adventure loosely based on the classic film *Bullitt*.

The following night Chen and I were out on the town with the film director friend he was working with on the action movie. It was dark and it had been raining. We were walking down the sidewalk of a street that wasn’t very far from the Petronas Towers. It was a thoroughfare lined with restaurants and bars. I was innocently strolling along when it seemed as if I’d stepped into nothingness. I crashed downwards and would have fallen into a gaping storm drain if I hadn’t been grabbed in the nick of time by Chen and the movie director. I learned afterwards that these open drains are all over KL. The porcelain gratings that are supposed to cover them are often broken or have been stolen. Nobody ever bothers to replace them. I’d learned my lesson.

Nothing was broken but I felt shattered and totally exhausted. Chen drove me back to Lake Sinister where I rested for a couple of days. Then I was due to go into the Corus Hotel to be with Adrian. Chen tried to get me to rest some more – my body had been severely jarred and I certainly wasn’t ready for fucking just yet.

“Who said anything about fucking Chen?”

My friend and soul partner gave me a withering look.

The great day finally came and after two hours of solid fucking my godson finally decided to have mercy on me. My body hadn’t fully recovered from crashing into the drain. Besides, I couldn’t help

making these groaning sounds which wouldn't have been all that attractive.

The following day I was touched when Adrian showed me a small album of photographs. There was his young sister who did manicuring in a beauty parlour in Kuala Lumpur. And there was his mother in a village Burma (or Myamar as it is now called) with members of the extended family. I recalled the time Adrian had first shown me his official Malaysian refugee card. He was very proud of it. He had left Burma when his village was bombed and militants were threatening to shoot all the young men. For the moment my godson seemed very happy to be in KL. I sometimes think that Australians imagine that all the refugees in the whole world want to seek asylum in our country. Well, I guess most of them do. However there are others like Adrian who are quite happy where they are. During our burgeoning relationship I'd asked him a couple of times if he'd like to come to Australia with me. I wasn't sure how that could work but I'm an optimist and I reckoned that gay marriage was just around the corner. My Burmese boy would look at me enigmatically.

By the following day my body had just about fully recovered and Adrian and I could enthusiastically get on with our fucking. I told my godson that because of his wonderful seven and a half inches it was still hurting me a bit in the beginning – especially if Adrian started to thrust wildly. He would appear to collide with something that felt like a wall in my arse and it was rather painful. However I'd been doing some research on this. I'd read a book on anal sex. The author said that most of us imagine that our back passage is straight – but this is not the case. It's more like an S bend. He recommended the best way to get the muscles relaxed and the S bend opened up was for the bottom to have his body in a kind of right angled position in the early stages of the fuck. This made sense because I think I've mentioned previously in this journal that Adrian's favourite position was for me to lie flat out on my stomach and for him to lie on top of me.

Anyway we were keen to experiment so I got my godson to sit upright on the edge of the bed and then I sat on his glorious cock. Next I lay on my back and pulled my legs up to my shoulders and he plunged himself into my arse.

After we'd been fucking for about three hours we stopped for a beer and a chat. Again I brought up my Australian idea. Adrian looked at me.

"I'm not sure Godfather… what about my little sister?"

"Well maybe she could come too."

Adrian glanced at the floor. He knew I was talking nonsense.

At that moment I decided to bring up something that had been

troubling me – my godson's "work."

"Adrian, we've been fucking now for several—"

"Making love Godfather… making love."

"All right, if you want to put it like that. We've been making love now for several months but I still don't know anything about your work – these "commissions" you earn."

Adrian fluttered his eyelashes.

"Oh Godfather, I hope you won't be angry with me…"

My heart skipped a beat. Was my boy involved in something nefarious? Drugs? Gay for pay? Was he involved in some sort of crime syndicate? No, how could I even think that of Adrian? Besides, he never had any money.

"You know Godfather that I never ask you for money… apart from taxi fare maybe. I'm not like that. But you know the clothes you buy me…?

I suddenly recalled all the fun times we'd spent shopping at Manhatten's or Gringo's. And then I recalled conjecturing that Adrian must have wardrobes crammed full of the shirts and shorts and jeans I'd bought him. And yet it was puzzling – he always seemed to turn up at the Corus in the same outfit.

"Well Godfather, most of those clothes I sell to my friends." He looked at me apprehensively.

After a moment I couldn't help myself. I roared with laughter and gave my refugee boy a huge hug.

"You mean you are a kind of fashion retailer my godson? My God, I love you… I love you for your enterprise!"

We clinked glasses.

"Now Adrian, have you thought about coming to live with me in Australia?"

"No Godfather, I won't be doing that."

My heart sank.

"I want you to come to Burma,"

"Burma?"

"My family will adore you Godfather."

"But what would I do in Burma?

"Write, teach English. Fuck with your godson."

Adrian laughed uproariously.

Clinking glasses and glistening eyes again. A vision opened up before me. I would do it. I would spend the rest of my life with my Burmese Boy.

The End

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